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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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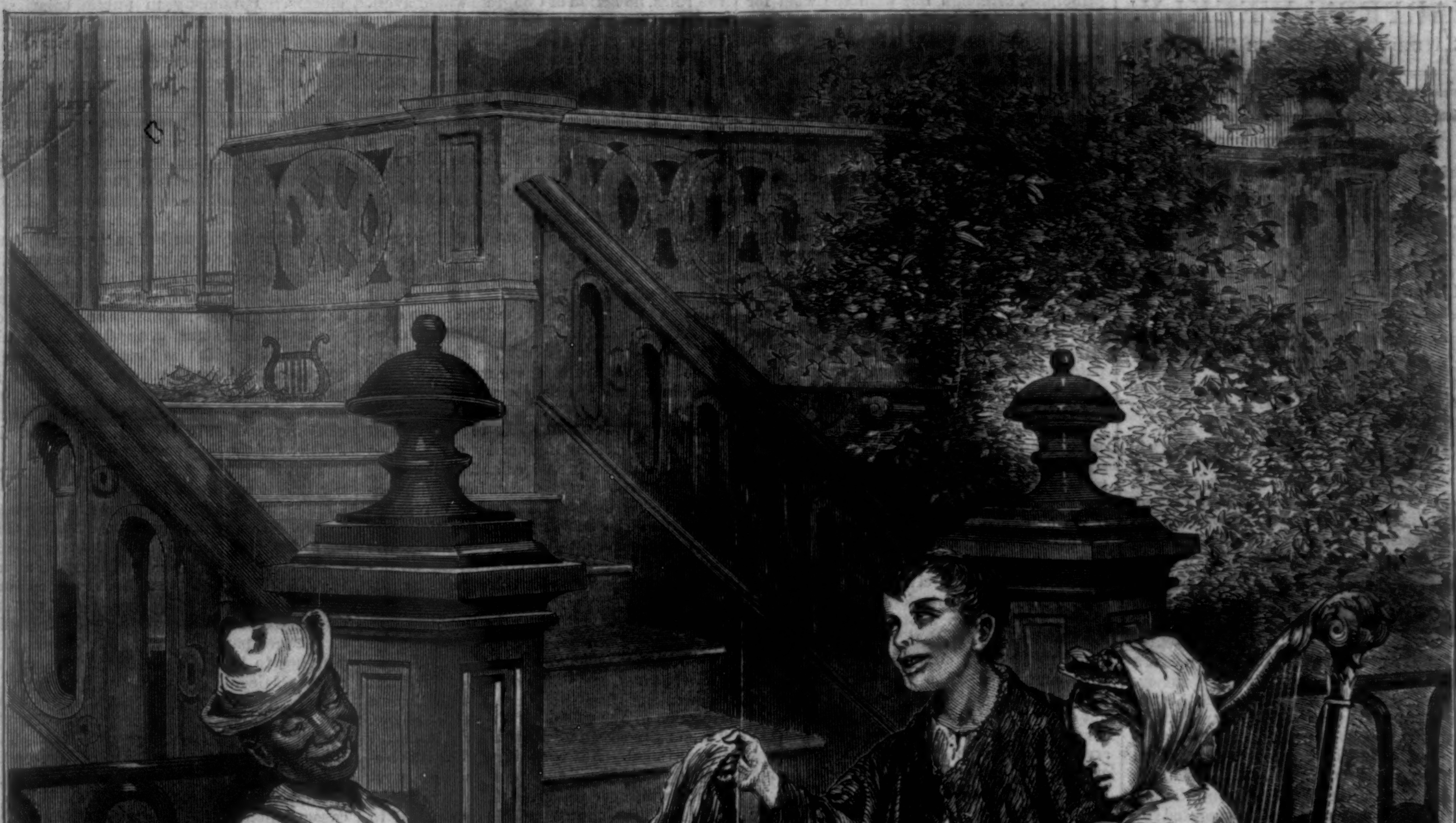

BOND AND FREE.—[See Page 1158.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

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CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

BY a vote of 153 to 44 the House of Representatives refused to consider Mr. COX'S resolution to recognize Cuban belligerency. In this action it has, we believe, the hearty approval of the country. There are always sympathy and hope in the American breast for every people which is honestly trying to free itself from oppression. But with the change of government in Spain, and the humane and generous spirit represented by CASTELAR, it is not probable that Cuba would be oppressed, or that the ferocities of Spanish warfare will be continued. Meanwhile we have more than once reminded our readers of the conditions upon which alone belligerency can be rightfully—that is, reasonably—conceded. Every state, indeed, is sovereign, and will act its pleasure. But every state, which is only a large number of individuals, is morally bound, like every one of those individuals, to take care that its will is humane and reasonable. If the United States are of opinion that continued Spanish supremacy in Cuba is a greater injury to themselves and a greater wrong to civilization and humanity than a war to annex Cuba to the Union would be, the course which they will take is very clear. But if such is not the view of the country—as every man in his senses knows—then we are morally bound to do no more than recognize the facts.

Should we now acknowledge belligerency, it would be done not as a neutral action to which the facts compelled us, but as a means of aiding the insurrection, and of compassing the downfall of CASTELAR and the failure of the republican struggle in Spain. We should take the responsibility of exposing all the commerce of the Gulf to the inquisition of privateers without a lawful port to shelter them, or a court to adjudicate their captures. Where would a New York merchant apply for redress if his ship were stopped, delayed, or seized by a Cuban cruiser, whose deck must be the court of prize and her commander the judge in admiralty? The immediate result of our recognition would be a swarm of cruisers hovering on the coast of Spain capturing every merchantman—maritime freebooters licensed to seize and forced to destroy. Our action would deal a double blow, first at the effort of civilization to abolish privateering, and then at the noble endeavor made by Dr. FRANKLIN in the treaty with Russia, the "moral conquest" which Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS anticipates in his address before the New York Historical Society, "that no innocent unarmed private voyager of any country found on any ocean of the globe shall take harm to himself or his property from the fact that he belongs to a belligerent nation."

What justification is urged for taking so immense and grievous a responsibility? That the Cubans are fighting for independence, and that Spain is cruel. If the struggle were against the old Spain that we knew, Spain despotic and unjust, every humane man would feel a deeper sympathy than is possible with a movement against the Spain of CASTELAR, fighting the Communists with one hand and the Carlists with the other, and forced to bear the odium of the Cuban Casino. If the Volunteers really represented the Spain against which the Cubans are fighting, the struggle would command universal sympathy, and the whole world would gladly see the yoke of the Casino broken. But it is because the Volunteers are not the Spain of to-day, and because there is a wide feeling in the country that those who control the Spanish government are really in sympathy with the free principles, although not with the wish for independence, of the Cubans, that American wrath with the Volunteers is not turned upon the home government. Indeed, before the echoes of the Casino triumph over the late massacre were silent, or its festal lights extinguished, came the peremptory order from Madrid to restore the ship and prisoners, and to salute the flag that the vessel bore. The fight for independence of republican Spain, therefore, which has shown no spirit either of aggression or of oppression, does not command the kind of sympathy which the people of this country felt for Greece writhing in the hand of Turkey, or for the South American republics over which Spain and the Holy Alliance were anxious to restore what the Spanish Prime Minister OFALIA called the blessings of the paternal government of King FERDINAND.

The plea of cruelty, however, is very cogent; not, indeed, for recognition of belligerency, but for vigorous protest, and, if necessary, for the intervention of civilized states. Every government makes rebellion treason. Our own Constitution does so, and our laws punish treason with death. But if we had shot the Confederates taken on the field as traitors, and hung the crews and passengers of the rebel craft that were captured as pirates, the civilized world would most justly have interfered. The victims of the *Virginius* were shot under an order of DE RODAS in 1869, that a ship's company taken under such circumstances should be tried as pirates. A state may, indeed, enlarge the international definition of piracy, but only as to its own citizens and foreigners upon its own vessels. Yet even here every thing must be orderly. The character of the ship must first be determined, and treaty stipulations must be respected. In the late case there was no regard for any thing but vengeance and blood.

This, however, is the spirit and method of BURRIEL, not of CASTELAR; of the Casino, not of the new government of Spain, from which we have a right to expect a prompt and peremptory prohibition of further warfare of this kind. A man and a statesman like CASTELAR sees, of course, that the conduct of the Volunteers is the perpetual justification of the revolution in the mind of foreigners. What people would not struggle to the end, is the instinctive question, to escape the terrible hand of such oppression? But surely Spain merits the sympathy and support of all generous men and nations in her present position. At home the Carlists and the Commune and the Church, superstition and ignorance; in Cuba the revolutionists and the slave-holding Casino, most dangerous foe of all—are fighting with her republican hope and effort. Our duty is clear. It is, not to regard the Casino as Spain, until we see that Spain confesses it.

THE MESSAGE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE President says in his Message, when speaking of the rules of the civil service, "there has never been any action making these rules or any rules binding, or even entitled to observance, where persons desire the appointment of a friend or the removal of an official who may be disagreeable to them. To have any rules effective, they must have the acquiescence of Congress as well as of the Executive."

It is true that the general and faithful observance of the rules as a whole involves some expense, and Congress alone can appropriate money. But, on the other hand, Congress has already authorized the President "to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service as he may think will promote its efficiency," and has made an appropriation. Nor can there be any doubt that the rules he has adopted are lawfully binding even without such an authority from Congress, because the rules are only the methods in which he declares that he will exercise an unquestionable constitutional power. Their only valid title to observance is his will.

Indeed, in his message transmitting the original report the President said, "Under the law referred to, as I interpret it, the authority is already invested in the Executive to enforce these regulations." And again, "If left to me, without further Congressional action, the rules prescribed by the commission, under the reservation already mentioned [of modification and alteration], will be faithfully executed; but they are not binding, without further legislation, upon my successors." It is enough, therefore, for the President or for any subordinate to say to the persons who desire the appointment of a friend or the removal of an enemy, that executive appointments and removals are made in accordance with published and intelligible rules. Nor could any law of Congress make those rules more binding. If the President or the subordinate yields to the pressure, and disregards the letter or the spirit of the rules, no action of Congress would avail. Reform is possible only upon condition of successfully withstanding the pressure.

The President says, further, that "a special committee of Congress might confer with the Civil Service Board during the present session, for the purpose of devising such rules as can be maintained, and which will secure the services of honest and capable officials, and which will also protect them in a degree of independence while in office." But as this was the object of the present rules, it would seem that if they do not secure it, and can not be maintained, a radical revision of them is indispensable. It will be found, however, that all rules will fail to be maintained if the Executive does not maintain them. In submitting the original report the board said, "The enforcement of the rules that we submit for approval depends, of course, upon the pleasure of the President." There is no other view possible, and it is difficult to understand what the President means by saying that there has never been any action entitling the rules to observance. During his administration his order is all that is necessary, and that order he has given. If the rules are not observed, it is because he has not enforced them. Thus he has forbidden political assessments under the form of voluntary contributions. But six weeks ago a political assessment under the form of a voluntary contribution was levied upon the clerks in the New York Post-office. No notice whatever, certainly no public notice, has been taken of so gross and conspicuous a violation of the rules. If this is not one of "such rules as can be maintained," it should be rescinded. But while it remains it is absolutely "binding," and "entitled to observance," whatever Congress may or may not do. Indeed, Congress will be persuaded to consider the subject seriously only when it sees that the rules which the President has adopted he means resolutely and consistently and continuously to enforce.

THE REPEAL OF "THE GRAB."

BEFORE the "salary grab" disappears from public notice there are one or two observations to be made.

Mr. LAMISON, a Democratic representative from Ohio, in the debate upon the repeal, said that the popular clamor upon that subject was "got up mainly by demagogues and interested politicians." He is profoundly mistaken. The demand was that of the people as distinguished from the politicians. The substance of Mr. LAMISON'S remark is familiar. We are accustomed to hear that investigations of official practices and reforms of the civil service are all devices of "sore-heads." The remark comes from gentlemen to whom the demand of honesty and economy in public affairs is absurd, and who hold with Dr. JOHNSON that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. But it is impossible to hear lofty denunciations of demagogues and interested politicians proceeding from gentlemen in whose pockets the back pay jingles with the energy of their eloquence without remembering what Dr. JOHNSON said to BOSWELL: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

Gentlemen who hold with Mr. LAMISON tell us the Constitution says that "The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States," and that it is very hard to call members of Congress thieves because they exercised an undoubted constitutional power. General BANKS, in defending the "grab," said that "every Congress fixes its own pay......It is our business, and does not belong to any body else." This, indeed, was not precisely true, because the salary law of 1866 fixed the pay for every Congress until it was repealed by the "grab." But the offense of the "grab" was not technical; it was moral. General BANKS said this on the 28th of February. His term was to expire on the 4th of March. He had served and drawn his pay for the whole Congress, under the law of 1866. Could he and his associates rightfully say, just as the contract was expiring, that they had not been paid enough, and would take fifty per cent. more out of the Treasury? There are the words of the Constitution—yes; and there are honor and good faith as their interpreters. If it were honorably right under the constitutional clause to increase the salary of those who had served already in the expiring Congress and been paid, it was equally right in honor to appropriate money from the Treasury to pay all the surviving members of Congress in the country. It was equally constitutional for Congress to vote a million of dollars to every member.

Nor will it be forgotten that the "grab" bill raised the salaries of the well-paid officers of the government, and left untouched those of the poorer paid and harder working officers. Parsimony in public salaries is poor economy. But if upon full consideration it were thought best that salaries should be raised, the increase should be made carefully and justly and in pursuance of some well-digested system. There was no pretense of such a system in the measure that was adopted. Mr. DAWES, indeed, tried to substitute or add an increase of twenty-five per cent. to the salaries of custom-house officers who do not receive more than $2500 a year. But it had no favor. The law was most accurately described as "a grab." And, worst of all, it was a bribe. As the increase was in pursuance of no principle, the money appropriated to the expiring Congress was, as Mr. MORTON described it in an Ohio speech during the last summer, a gift; and the only object of the gift was that those who were to receive it should support the bill that gave it to them, but which also increased the President's salary, and that of members of Congress, and of the cabinet, and of the Justices of the Supreme Court.

That the increase of the salary in the manner that it was made and under the circumstances was disgraceful seems to us undeniable. But it is equally undeniable that there has been a great deal of Buncombe in much that has been said and written about it. That fact, however, should not conceal the real indecency of the act. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS very properly distinguished between pandering to public opinion and yielding to its justice. But he seemed to confound legality with morality. He will remember the speech of FISHER AMES upon the JAY treaty when the House debated whether to vote the appropriations. The Hon. GEORGE T. DAVIS recalled its crowning words in an address last autumn, to which we have already alluded. "This, Sir, is a cause which would be dishonored and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow, for the occasion. I desire to thank God that since He has given me a reason that is so fallible, He has impressed upon me an instinct that is so sure. On a question of shame and honor reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse: if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart."

THE PRIESTS AND THE SCHOOLS IN ARIZONA.

THE hostility of the Roman Catholic priesthood to the American system of public schools is not confined to any part of the country, and it is that hostility which produces what Mr. GERRIT SMITH calls "the school agitation." Those who oppose the priestly politics he calls cruel oppressors, and the wolf troubling the stream. The exact fact is this: All American citizens of all religious sects but one agree that for the common welfare it is best to maintain unsectarian schools at the common expense. One sect insists that the schools should, first of all, be sectarian. The charge of this sect is that unless some kind of religion is taught, the schools are "godless," and perilous to the eternal salvation of their children. Father GLEASON, of Brooklyn, as recently reported in the newspapers, exclaims: "Don't send your children to the public schools. You are jeopardizing your salvation, you are acting ignorantly and sinfully, while you do so." And the Albany *Catholic Reflector* says: "The present public-school system is becoming a subject of vital importance to the Catholics throughout the country. There is no need of hiding the fact that the system is objectionable to the Church, that her hierarchy has condemned it, and that it therefore becomes the duty of all Catholics to discountenance it."

Now, as the State has decided that its safety requires the education of its members, it justly provides the means of education, and insists upon the attendance and instruction of the children. The schools are sustained at the public cost and for the public welfare, as the courts of justice are, and a party of citizens might as well denounce courts whose judges were not sworn upon the Douay Bible as "godless," and demand separate and sectarian courts, as to take the same attitude toward the schools. Every sect, of course, prefers its own opinions, and may maintain schools to inculcate them. But when, as citizens of the State, the sect says that the public school should teach some form of religion, they say what Americans never have believed and probably never will believe, and what intelligent Europe begins vigorously to deny. There is certainly no cruelty nor oppression, as Mr. SMITH seems to suppose, in refusing to make the public schools sectarian. There would be both in requiring citizens of any sect to pay for schools in which a hostile sectarianism was taught. But when the priests insist that the teaching of the multiplication-table and grammar and geography is "godless" unless some kind of religious catechism is also taught, the argument ends in silly assertion.

The priestly purpose is, however, none the less resolute and persistent. It must be met as firmly and frankly. The Roman priests are determined to divide the State school moneys if they can, and to sectarianize the schools. Such a measure would be the first step in the total overthrow of the whole American system. The movement in this State is familiar to all observing men. But it is none the less tenacious in the most distant parts of the country. In the Territory of Arizona, where Governor SAFFORD is deeply interested in establishing free schools, he encounters the priestly hostility. The Territorial Legislature has laid a school tax, and admirable teachers have been procured. But the Roman priests in the Territory, who are chiefly French Jesuits, tell their people—in one instance in Tucson for several continuous Sundays—that they might as well send their children to hell as to the public school; and not long ago the same priest said from the pulpit that if any parent sent a child to the public school neither parent nor child should have the benefit of the confessional. The law of the Territory prohibits the introduction of religion into the public school, and it seems to us neither cruel nor oppressive. But a law which in that Territory or in this State should devote the public money to making every school a hot-bed of sectarian hate would be a law of death to human liberty and progress. One of the most beneficent results of our common-school system is that it tends most effectively to the destruction of sectarianism by bringing the children together upon the plane of common humanity. This, indeed, is the source of the terror and the fear of the Roman priests, whose object is to make good Romanists rather than good citizens. Father GLEASON says that "if the public schools are not sectarian, they are non-Christian." The father is mistaken. There are many hospitals which are not sectarian, but they are very Christian. When Christ upon the cross cried, "Father, forgive them!" neither the words nor the spirit were in any manner sectarian, but they were the most perfect expression of Christianity.

TWO COMMITTEES.

Two years ago Speaker BLAINE appointed a special committee upon the reorganization of the civil service. It was composed of nine members, and Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, was chairman. There were two pronounced and earnest friends of reform upon the committee—Mr. WILLARD, of Vermont, and Mr. PERRY, of Ohio. The action of the committee, if we remember correctly, consisted in some suggestion about the clerks of committees, and the report of a plan to regulate admission to the service, supposed to have proceeded from the Treasury. Nothing was done, however, for the House is not friendly to the reform.

This year the Speaker has appointed another committee upon the same subject. Mr. WILLARD, of Vermont, is the only member of the last committee retained, although several of those members have been returned to the House. Mr. WILLARD is a sincere friend of the reform, which he has carefully studied, but he is not made chairman. He is given the second place. The views of the new chairman, Mr. KELLOGG, of Connecticut, upon the subject are not known. General BUTLER, the bitterest opponent of the reform in the House, is named, instead of his colleague from Massachusetts, Mr. HOOPER, who was a member of the old committee.

Of the Senate committee upon the subject, Mr. WRIGHT, of Iowa, is chairman; Mr. BOUTWELL is second, a frank and fair opponent of the principle of the reform: that is to say, a gentleman who believes that a frequent periodical change of all the officers of the civil service is the true policy, and the one most consonant with our political system. Mr. BOUTWELL's late position as head of the Treasury, in which, after the Post-office, is the great bulk of patronage, will give his words great weight. Senators SHERMAN, HAMLIN, and HOWE, with the chairman, are his Republican associates upon the committee. They are none of them very friendly to reform. Of the Administration Senators, Mr. EDMUNDS is the firmest supporter of the movement, but he is not upon the committee.

We fear that the friends of the reform, those who wish to see the public service dependent upon merit and not favor, have nothing to expect from either of these committees.

ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

IN the Constitutional Convention of 1787 Mr. WILSON, of Pennsylvania, said that the method of electing the President was the most difficult of all the subjects which were considered. When the electoral system was finally adopted, HAMILTON said in the *Federalist* that it was the only important part of the proposed scheme of government that had escaped censure, that even the enemies of the government praised it, and that if not perfect, it was at least excellent. Yet it was the provision of the Constitution that was first modified; and while its form remains, it has been substantially superseded.

The origin of the system of electors in the Constitution is obvious. It grew out of the State feeling which was so strong in the Convention, and which had to be constantly considered. The first project was that Congress should elect the President for seven years, and he was to be ineligible for re-election. But when his power of appointment and of the veto, and the folly of losing the service of an officer who had proved himself peculiarly efficient, were more fully considered, the Convention decided that the States should in their own way appoint electors, who should vote for two candidates, and the one who had the most votes should be President, and the next Vice-President. The theory was that the best men in every State would be selected as electors, and that they would vote for the best man in the country for President. But practically the electors have never exercised any discretion, and the original intention of the Constitution is now utterly disregarded. With the growth of the country and longer experience the subject has become important and pressing, and the report of Senator MORTON, from the special committee to which the question was referred at the last session of Congress, will undoubtedly be very thorough, and we hope that its suggestions will be so evidently reasonable as to admit of no serious debate.

The two serious questions to which the committee have probably directed their attention are whether the President shall be elected, as now, by the States, or directly by the people; and in what manner the votes shall be counted and announced in Congress. By the present arrangement fourteen thousand voters in Nevada have as much power in the election of President as a hundred and twenty-five thousand in New York. This, of course, is no more an objection, if the election is to be decided by the States, than it is to the election of Senators. The two Senators from New York and the two from Nevada represent a very different amount of population. But it is a question whether the States, as such, are not sufficiently represented in the Senate, which has immense and not decreasing powers, and whether a direct popular election of President would not be agreeable to the people even of the smaller States. In the Convention Delaware voted with Pennsylvania to give the election to the people instead of Congress; and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS said that many members were anxious for an immediate choice by the people. The equality of States is actually maintained by the Senate, but it is only vexatiously asserted in the method of electing the President. And this equality being secured, we doubt if a proposal to abolish the election by the States would be unfavorably received, and for the reason, which the wisest heads in the Convention could not foresee, that the voters are more interested in their party success at a Presidential election than in asserting a State dignity which is otherwise secured.

If, however, the States are to continue to elect the President, the district electors should be chosen in the districts, to afford a fairer indication of the popular preference. But even if the present practice is continued, the manner of counting the vote in Congress imperatively demands a change. By the joint rule of February 6, 1865, if any question arises upon reading the State certificate whether the vote shall be received, it is provided that each House shall retire to consider, and that *no vote shall be counted except by the concurrent vote of the two Houses.* If, therefore, the election depended upon the vote of a single State, and one of the Houses insisted upon its reception, and the other, of different politics, upon its rejection, it would be thrown out. The consequent excitement would very easily lead to dangerous trouble. There must be some final arbiter of the question of reception of votes. It must be left to the States, absolutely, and the duty of Congress must be merely perfunctory, or Congress by a majority of votes in convention must decide. And here again there is no doubt that some simple, obviously just plan would be willingly adopted by the country. Senator MORTON is not the man to allow so important a subject to be deferred, and as Congress knows that work is expected, we may be sure of some practical and satisfactory action.

SENATOR CARPENTER.

MR. CARPENTER has been re-elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate. He is not the gentleman the country or the Republican party would most willingly see in that position; but the Senate could hardly have refused to re-elect him without seeming to countenance the recent scandal against him. That scandal, however, is wholly unsustained. It is not denied that it came from a person who had a personal grudge against the Senator, and who told Dr. BLISS, of Washington, that he meant "to be even" with him. The story rests wholly upon this assertion, and the attempt to add as evidence the statement that many persons obtained rooms at the hotel after Mr. CARPENTER was denied fails before the familiar fact that it is the universal custom to engage rooms in advance, which the *Times* states was true in all the cases cited. This story has been so widely and acrimoniously repeated that had Mr. CARPENTER not been re-elected the conclusion would have been unavoidable that the Senate really believed it. For, unless it is utterly degraded, it could not have elected him its chief officer had it not been convinced of the falsity of the charge. We differ with Senator CARPENTER radically and often, and he seems to us a very unsatisfactory representative of the Republican party; but we are sincerely glad of the action of the Senate, for, as against the unsustained allegation of a person who confesses a sinister motive, it must be regarded as a conclusive vindication.

REMEMBER THE DUMB!

THOSE who in buying Christmas gifts would like also to help the noble charity of Mr. BERGH will find in New York, at DUTTON'S, or RANDOLPH'S, or MILLER'S, a modest little volume, published by LIPPINCOTT, containing charades and responses which for ten years have been exchanged between two ladies on Christmas and Lady-day, the 25th of December and March. It was designed for a fair, but it was happily remembered that at this Present season all the world's a fair, and all the men and women merely buyers.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE unsettled condition of financial affairs, which has made itself felt in almost every household in the country, has stimulated rather than depressed the popular demand for books to satisfy the taste for reading which is so marked a trait among Americans. Persons who feel constrained to practice economy in other directions indulge in this cheaper and more satisfactory luxury—if that may be called a luxury which has become a daily necessity in every intelligent American household; and those who desire to make elegant and acceptable presents without too heavy a strain on the purse turn to the well-stocked shelves and counters of the bookstores, where every thing can be found to gratify a cultivated taste in literature and art. The display of richly illustrated and handsomely bound books is unusually extensive even for this season.

Among the illustrated books suitable for holiday presents published by Harper & Brothers may be mentioned FLAMMARION'S *Atmosphere*, an elegant volume with ten beautiful chromo-lithographs and eighty-six wood-cuts; ÉLISÉE RECLUS'S *Earth*, with 230 maps inserted in the text, and twenty-three page maps printed in colors; *The Ocean*, by the same author, with 250 maps or figures, and twenty-seven maps printed in colors; *The Young Naturalist in Mexico*, by LUCIAN BIART, a very interesting book for boys, illustrated with 117 wood-cuts; a new and enlarged edition of *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, elegantly bound, with 141 illustrations; *Dogs and their Doings*, with many spirited illustrations—just the book to be a prime favorite with boys; FARJEON'S admirable series of Christmas tales, *Blade-o'-Grass*, and its sequel, *Golden Grain*, and *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses*; NORDHOFF'S *California*; Harper's "Household Dickens;" *Homes without Hands*; *Sub-Tropical Rambles*; *The Land of Moab*, etc. These works, all of which are profusely and elegantly illustrated, are but a small proportion of those suitable for holiday gift books to be found in Harper & Brothers' catalogue.

Admirers of GUSTAVE DORÉ and HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE will take great delight in the joint production of these eminent men, the *Tour through the Pyrenees*, published by Holt & Co. The illustrations are exquisite, and the narrative charming and entertaining. Another elegant holiday book is the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with illustrations by ALFRED FREDERICKS, published by the Appletons. Among the books especially attractive to young readers may be mentioned JULES VERNE'S *From the Earth to the Moon*, an amusing and superbly illustrated extravaganza, published by Scribner & Co.; *Child-Life in Prose*, by J. G. WHITTIER, published by Osgood & Co.; and *Adventures by Sea and Land*, in two volumes, published by Porter & Coates. For girls nothing could be more suitable or acceptable than the beautiful series of "Stories for Girls," written or edited by Miss MULOCK, and published by Harper & Brothers.

Those who desire to make an elegant and at the same time substantial Christmas or New Year's present should not overlook the inducements offered by the several periodicals published by Harper & Brothers—the *Magazine*, the *Weekly*, and the *Bazar*, either of which will be sent for one year to any subscriber in the United States, *postage prepaid*, on the receipt of four dollars by the publishers. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the attractions of these periodicals. The *Magazine* stands confessedly without a rival. It gives more and better reading and more and better illustrations than any other magazine in the world. The *Weekly*, with its numerous illustrations, its serials and short stories, general and political articles, poems and editorial departments, and the *Bazar*, with its fashions and art illustrations, serials, short stories, and attractive articles on all subjects relating to domestic and social life, each gives in the course of the year an amount of reading equal to the contents of forty average-sized octavo volumes. If any one desires to please a friend, and to be gratefully remembered not only at the holiday season but through the year, a subscription to one or all of these periodicals will be the surest and best means to accomplish it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

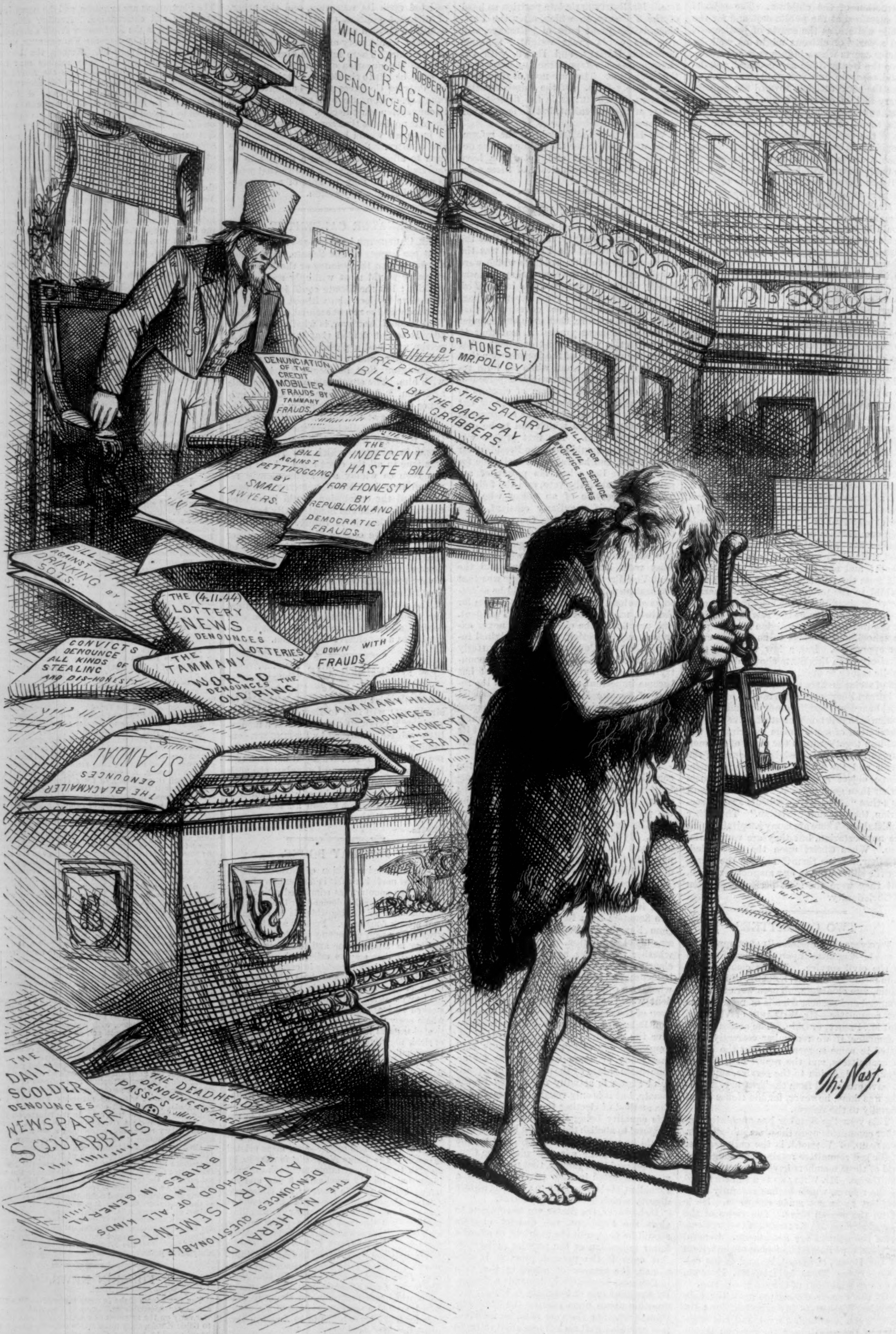
THE second week of Congress was a busy one. The number of bills introduced on the first two Mondays of this session exceeded the number introduced in any similar period in the history of that body. In the House alone nearly five hundred were presented. The following is a summary of the leading matters of business transacted: Vice-President Wilson gave notice, on the 9th inst., that he intended to go away for several weeks, and Mr. Carpenter was thereupon elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate, by a vote of 33 against 16 for Mr. Thurman, the Democratic candidate. On the same day Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, was admitted to the House on the unanimous recommendation of the Election Committee. A large number of nominations were confirmed, among them ex-Governor Jewell as minister to Russia, Hon. John A. Bingham, minister to Japan, and A. R. Shepherd, Governor of the District of Columbia. Two days after Mr. Shepherd's confirmation a motion was made in executive session to reconsider the action. The discussion of the back-pay bill was resumed, occupying a large share of the attention of the House. The ball was opened on the 8th inst. by Mr. Hale, of Maine, with the presentation of a bill from the select committee repealing so much of the salary bill as increases the compensation of the Vice-President, Speaker, Senators, Representatives, and Delegates to Congress; reviving all acts relating to the pay and allowances of Congressmen that were repealed by the act of March 3, 1873, provided that mileage shall be allowed for the present session only for actual individual traveling expenses to and fro by the most direct routes; all back pay undrawn and all that has been returned to be covered into the Treasury. A minority report was presented by Mr. Kasson (Republican), of Iowa, signed by himself and Mr. Jewett (Democrat), of Ohio, proposing to repeal all increases of salary authorized by the law of the last session, including those of cabinet ministers; to make the repeal retroactive, so as to take effect from March 4, 1873, in the case of members of Congress; to fix the President's salary at $25,000 after the present term, and during the present term to prohibit appropriations for compensation to officers or employés about the Executive Mansion or grounds, except to the secretaries, clerks, steward, and persons employed at work on the grounds. Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, gave notice of an amendment to suspend the salary bill during the Forty-third Congress, instead of repealing it. Mr. Poland, of Vermont, followed up with a minority bill similar to Mr. Kasson's, except that it omitted the President, and ended with a clause repealing the portion of the old law which increased the pay of the Forty-second Congress, deducting from the salary of members of the present Congress who belonged to the Forty-second the back pay they received, and instructing the Secretary of the Treasury to notify those who are no longer members to refund, and to report a list of those who comply and those who do not. More than a dozen other amendments or substitutes for Mr. Hale's bill were offered. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, signalized his return to the floor, after an absence of fourteen years, by warmly supporting the salary increase on moral and political grounds. Finally, on the 12th inst., the majority bill, on motion of Mr. Orth, of Indiana, was recommitted, with instructions to report a bill repealing the whole act, as far as it may be constitutionally done, except as to Supreme Court judges, and to ascertain the average amount of salary, mileage, and all other allowances (exclusive of any estimates for the use of the franking privilege) paid to members of the Forty-first Congress, and report a bill determining the compensation of members of Congress hereafter at the amount, as near as practicable, thus ascertained, with the necessary traveling expenses, and restoring all other salaries as they were before the passage of that act. In the Senate, on the 8th inst., Mr. Wright (Republican), of Iowa, called up his salary repeal bill, introduced a week before, and on his motion it was referred to the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment. The House on the 13th inst. voted an appropriation of $4,000,000 for the immediate requirements of the navy, and the Naval Committee favored an increase of 1500 men in the naval service. On the 12th inst. the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of War calling attention to alleged defalcations in the accounts of the Freedmen's Bureau. It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. The House passed a bill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, providing for the redemption of the $20,000,000 loan of 1858.

Professor Louis Agassiz, the distinguished scientist, died in Boston on the evening of the 14th inst., aged sixty-seven years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

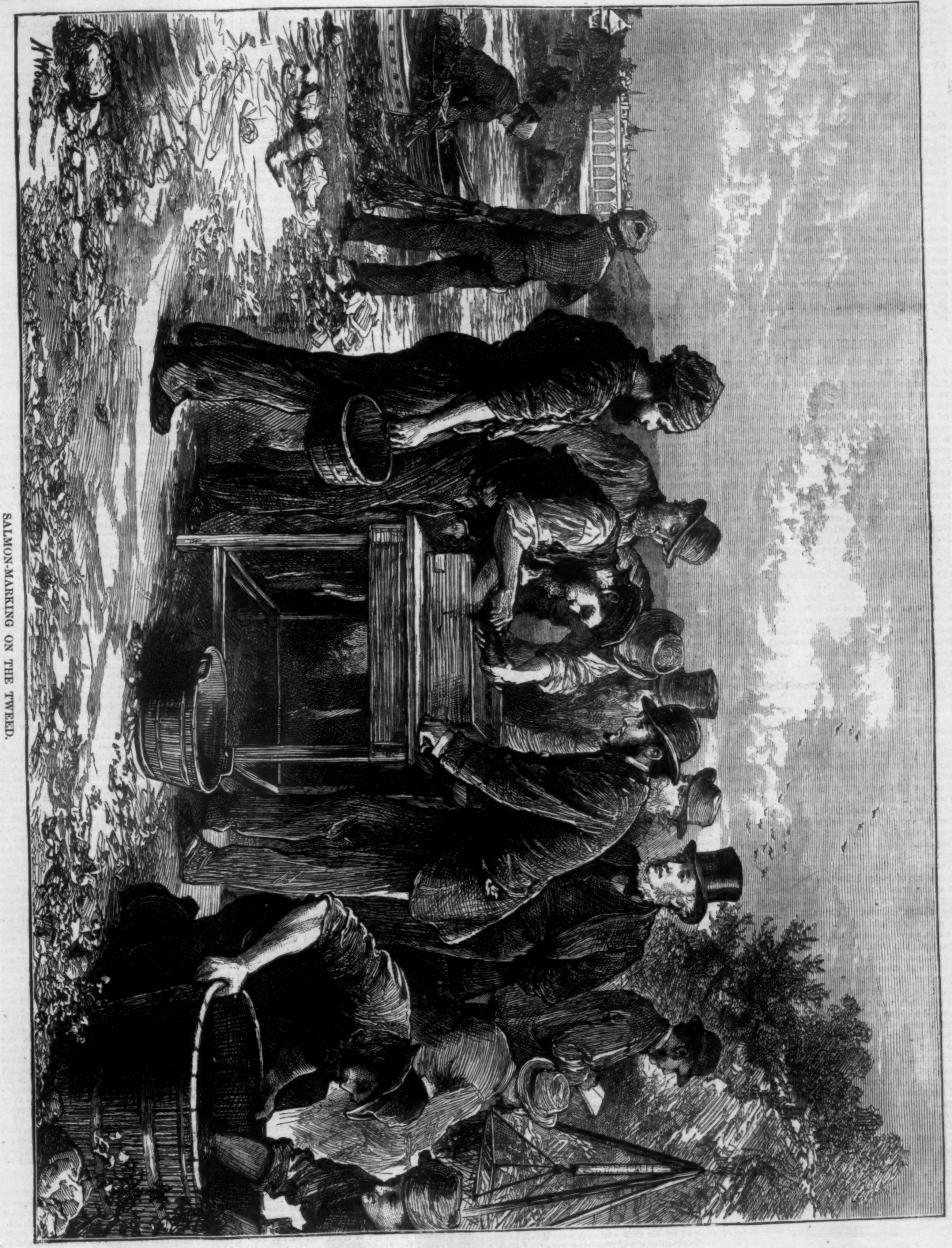
THE news from Cuba is more favorable. The *Virginius* was escorted from Havana by a Spanish man-of-war early on the morning of the 12th inst., and taken to Bahia Honda, sixty miles westward, where she is to be delivered to a United States steamer. The prisoners are to be transferred at the same time and place.

Marshal Bazaine was condemned to death, and to be degraded from his rank previous to his execution, but the sentence was afterward commuted to twenty years' seclusion.

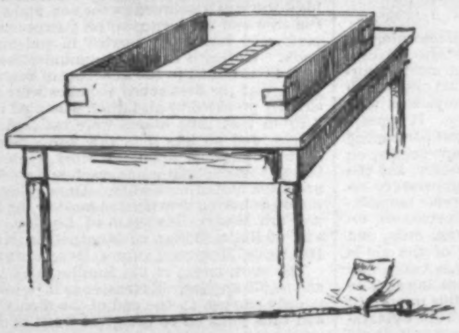

WHOLESALE ROBBERY OF CHARACTER DENOUNCED BY THE BOHEMIAN BANDITS
BILL FOR HONESTY BY MR. POLICY
REPEAL BILL. BY
OF THE SALARY THE BACK PAY GRABBERS.
DENUNCIATION OF THE CREDIT MOBILIER FRAUDS BY TAMMANY FRAUDS.
BILL FOR CIVIL SERVICE BY OFFICE SEEKERS
BILL AGAINST PETTIFOGGING BY SMALL LAWYERS.
THE INDECENT HASTE BILL
FOR HONESTY BY REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC FRAUDS.
BILL AGAINST DRINKING SOTS. BY
THE (4.11.44) LOTTERY NEWS DENOUNCES LOTTERIES
CONVICTS DENOUNCE ALL KINDS OF STEALING AND DIS-HONESTY
DOWN WITH FRAUDS
THE TAMMANY WORLD DENOUNCES THE OLD RING
TAMMANY HALL DENOUNCES DIS-HONESTY AND FRAUD
THE BLACKMAILER DENOUNCES SCANDAL
BILL HONESTY
THE DAILY SCOLDER DENOUNCES NEWSPAPER SQUABBLES
THE DEADHEAD DENOUNCES FREE PASSES
THE N.Y. HERALD DENOUNCES QUESTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS OF ALL KINDS FALSEHOOD AND BRIBES IN GENERAL
Th. Nast.

"THE WORLD'S GROWN HONEST: THEN IS DOOMSDAY NEAR."—SHAKSPEARE.

UNCLE SAM. "Well, whom are you looking for now?"
DIOGENES. "A Dis-Honest Man."

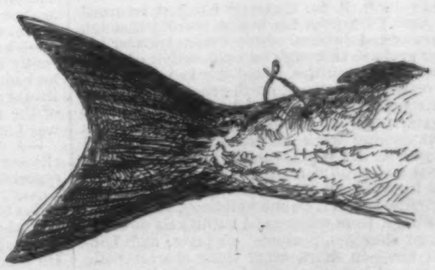


SALMON-MARKING ON THE TWEED.



SALMON-MARKING.

Young salmon are taken from the river Tweed at certain seasons to be marked. This process is performed by inserting in the upper part of the tail a piece of fine silver wire with a small plate attached, on which is inscribed in cipher a number, referring to a corresponding number in a book, where the date of the capture and the weight of the fish are recorded. The fish is then returned to the river. By this practice many interesting facts relative to the growth and habits of salmon may be ascertained, especially in regard to their migrations. Its proper residence is the sea, which it leaves between June and September, and proceeds many miles up the rivers for the purpose of spawning. Its perseverance in making its way up stream is wonderful. No stream is rapid enough to daunt it, nor is it even checked by falls of considerable height. Salmon have been known to leap fourteen feet out of the water and to describe a curve of at least twenty feet in order to surmount a cascade or dam which impeded their ascent of a chosen river. It is popularly believed that the salmon return every year to the river in which they were hatched, and this, considering their immense



numbers, would be likely to happen in some cases, though not to the greater portion.

The large illustration on page 1157 shows the process of weighing, marking, and recording. The two diagrams show where the fish is marked, and the implements used for the purpose.

BOND AND FREE.

Our readers can not have forgotten the indignation recently aroused against the Italian "padrones" for their cruel treatment of the boys and girls they kidnap or buy at home and bring over to this country. The efforts made on behalf of these waifs of humanity, and the dread of punishment, compelled the hard-hearted taskmasters to relax their cruelties, for a time at least, and to treat the little street musicians with a little kindness; but no doubt the children are still subject to many hardships which do not come to light, and the title to Mr. Sheppard's sketch on our first page is not a misnomer. The sad-faced young musicians, ignorant of our language, and held in harsh subjection by the "padrone" for whose benefit they are sent out to roam the streets, enjoy far less freedom than the gay young "contraband" who is dancing to their music.

"HONORABLE" FELONY.

In a recent number of the New York *Evening Express* it was stated that William M. Tweed "is the first member of Congress ever sentenced to a penitentiary for crime." This is an error. Charles F. Mitchell, of Lockport, who represented the Niagara and Orleans district in Congress from 1837 to 1841, was indicted for forgery while a member of the House, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison at Sing Sing. Strangely enough his mother, a Quaker lady, who occasionally exercised her gift of preaching in the meetings of the Society of Friends, lived in Philadelphia, and used occasionally to visit Sing Sing for the purpose of seeing her son, and sometimes addressed the convicts who were assembled in the chapel on Sundays. At that time the Hon. John W. Edmonds and Thornton M. Niven, Esq., then prominent in the political affairs of the State, were appointed by Governor Bouck as inspectors of the State-prison at Sing Sing. While in discharge of their duty they saw Mitchell, then in the hospital suffering from a severe, and what they and the physician (Dr. Hoffman, father of ex-Governor Hoffman) believed to be a hopeless, illness. He was then so weak as to be able to converse with difficulty. The physician expressed the belief that he would die in a very short time if kept in confinement. This opinion was coincided in by Messrs. Edmonds and Niven, who, on seeing the Governor, stated the facts and urged his pardon. The Governor was reluctant, on the ground that, being a notable offender, he should pay the full penalty of his transgression; but, becoming satisfied that humanity demanded the other course, the pardon was granted. At the time of the interview with Messrs. Edmonds and Niven, Mitchell requested writing materials, that he might put upon paper certain matters of a political character. Although against the rules of the prison, the inspectors determined that the request should be granted, and Mitchell wrote out a somewhat lengthened statement, inculpating certain public characters, and intended to be printed. Its publication, however, was deemed inexpedient. The document was confided to the possession of Judge Edmonds, who doubtless has it at the present moment. Mitchell on regaining his liberty went to the West, and engaged in the milling business. His conduct afterward was of an irreproachable character. He became prosperous, and continues to enjoy, up to the present moment, the confidence of the people among whom he resides. The history of Mitchell's wants and crime was briefly this: When the Harrison party came into power it was understood among those wanting office that the avenue of approach was through Mr. Clay. Mitchell seemed to have secured Mr. Clay's confidence, and became his medium for the office-seekers from this State. The position so elated him that he kept open house. His lavish expenditures embarrassed him, and to extricate himself he made two notes, and wrote on them as indorser the name of James Watson Webb, then editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*. On these he borrowed the money from a friend. Before the first note matured, the lender, happening to meet Mr. Webb, adverted to the notes, which, of course, disclosed the crime. This came to Mitchell's ears, and he fled to Canada. It was said that his capture took place there without proper authority. In his case crime and punishment came with a celerity quite uncommon in these later days, and there was scant sympathy for the man who from honorable fame had descended to dishonorable felony.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu has just returned to New York from his fourth journey through Norway and Sweden. No previous traveler has ever made so thorough an exploration of those interesting countries, or collected so rich a fund of material for a book on the characteristics of their people, scenery, and resources. Mr. Du Chaillu has left nothing undone to make his forth-coming work authentic, interesting, and complete. He was accompanied by an experienced and skillful photographer, and his book will be profusely illustrated with engravings of portraits, scenery, public buildings, and private dwellings, from palaces and cathedrals down to village churches, peasants' cottages, and Lapland huts—in short, every thing characteristic of the land and people will be graphically represented. As we have heretofore stated, our enterprising traveler extended his journey to the extremity of North Cape, of whose magnificent scenery he obtained several splendid photographs. Mr. Du Chaillu's narrative of his explorations and adventures will form one of the most interesting books of travel ever given to the public.

—The Right Rev. William E. Armitage, Bishop of Wisconsin, who died in this city on the 6th of December from the effects of a painful surgical operation, was a prelate who had taken high rank in the Episcopal Church for his talents, zeal, and piety. Although only forty-four, he had served six years as a bishop, and on the roll of bishops stood next to Bishop Cummins, of Kentucky, whose name is just now so often before the people. Bishop Armitage retained a clear mind to the last. Retaining sufficient strength to speak up to an hour before his death, he conversed with his friends in a calm tone of voice, although he knew that life was fast departing. His courage did not fail him at any moment, and he died with the utmost faith and confidence in his own redemption beyond the grave.

—A new thing in law has recently occurred in the neighboring province of New Jersey. Mr. Cortlandt Parker, an eminent counselor of Newark, not being able to be present in the Court of Errors, telegraphed his brief to the Chief Justice. The brief was read to the court, and answered the purpose. It is the first instance of the kind known in legal proceedings.

—Mr. William J. Thoms, a literary gentleman of London, with a special love of ferreting out old people who are said to have reached the age of one hundred years, has bagged an old lady named Munro, who is said to have tallied one hundred and two—well authenticated at that.

—Mr. Abbott writes of our principal frontiersman, Kit Carson, that he is not only courageous and full of energy, but is one of the most genteel, upright, and lovable of men, "whose virtues America should long remember."

—Major Seth Conant, the oldest man in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, died a few days since, aged ninety-three years and four months. His only son and three grandsons were given to his country's service in the rebellion. The son and one grandson fell in battle; and of the two who returned, one died of disease contracted in the service, the other being a cripple for life by the loss of a leg.

—Sir John Coleridge, who has recently been appointed Chief Justice of the English Common Pleas, has been offered, and will probably accept, a peerage, though he thinks that it should be given first to his father; but the father was offered a peerage before, and declined it. The younger Sir John is needed by the government in the House of Lords to break a lance with Lord Cairns. Many persons have, during the last quarter of a century, declined the peerage—among them Mr. Thomas Baring, who has just died.

—A daughter of Mr. Gladstone is to be married on the 29th of December to the Rev. Mr. Benson, head-master of Wellington College.

—Tunneling and canaling appear to be, next to railroad building, the great enterprise. Mont Cenis and Hoosac completed, and Darien on the point of being commenced, we now hear that M. Tubiné, an eminent banker of Athens, has obtained a concession for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. The principal clauses of the concession are that the canal shall have a minimum depth of twenty-seven feet, and a width of thirty-nine feet at the bottom. Half-way through the canal is to be a dock of sufficient depth to receive the largest vessels. The canal is to be completed in six years. The concession is for ninety-nine years, and a deposit of $60,000 is to be paid immediately after the Greek Parliament has approved the concession. The estimated cost of the work is $4,000,000.

—The venerable Joseph R. Chandler, now eighty-one years of age, visits the Philadelphia County Prison twice daily, according to his custom for twenty-five years, in his official character as inspector. Mr. Chandler represented Philadelphia in Congress from 1849 to 1855, and, besides many years of editorial service, is the author of a *Grammar of the English Language*, and under President Buchanan was minister to Naples.

—A many-sided and somewhat eccentric man died recently in Liverpool—Mr. Edward Garston. In youth he was a great traveler and became an accomplished linguist, so that he acted as interpreter at Queen Caroline's trial. He was in the Greek revolution, and showed great bravery. Afterward he kept the duelists of Naples in terror with his reputation. Finally he settled down as a merchant in Liverpool. He also had some little reputation as a literary man.

—A massive monument of Nova Scotia freestone has been erected at Mount Auburn in memory of the Rev. John Pierpont by his children. One side contains a record of his birth, death, and services in the ministry and army. On the other is this inscription:

POET,
PATRIOT,
PREACHER,
PHILOSOPHER,
PHILANTHROPIST.

—General Sherman replies with characteristic magnanimity to the offer of General N. B. Forrest, formerly an officer of Confederate cavalry, who, in the event of war with Spain, volunteers to enlist from 1000 to 5000 men who served the Southern cause during the rebellion. General Sherman replies: "I regard N. B. Forrest as one of the most extraordinary men developed by our civil war, and, were it left to me, in the event of a war requiring cavalry, I would unhesitatingly accept his services and give him a prominent place. I believe now he would fight against our national enemies as vehemently as he did against us, and that is saying enough."

—The Marquis de Beaumont de Montfia recently died in a monastery of La Trappe, where he had been for ten years under the name of Brother Ambroise. He was a member of one of the most celebrated families of France, and was Louis Philippe's minister to Russia.

—A Washington correspondent, describing the scenes attending the opening of Congress, especially the election of Speaker, says: "Mr. Blaine evidently anticipated the issue, for he walks boldly up the steps, brings the gavel down with the air of a man who knows how to use it, and makes his address as glibly as a school-boy. He blandly acknowledges the honor, says to be twice elected to such a dignity is an expression of extraordinary confidence, but that the selection a third time enhances the honor more than threefold. He treats the House and the galleries to a bit of history, the gist of which is that the first occupant of that chair was called upon to preside over a House composed of only sixty-five members, while now that body numbers two hundred and ninety-two. Then he draws a very pretty picture of our national immensity, and closes with the customary soft-soap about the eagle and the Constitution, which so delights the American ear—and is sworn in. There's 'no rubbing out' the fact that James G. Blaine, in the Speaker's chair, is the right man in the right place. He is quick, self-possessed, popular. His rulings are regarded by both sides of the House as fair and generally sound. There are few appeals from his decisions. Amidst the hurricanes that sometimes lash the legislative sea into a fury, he sits ever unmoved—bland as a pumpkin in the fence corner."

—Our new minister to Russia, Governor Jewell, is one of those active, shrewd, inquisitive gentlemen that lose no time in familiarizing themselves with every thing going on about them, and who have a happy faculty of making themselves acceptable to every body. In a recent letter to a friend he says: "This government is, of its kind, perfection and clock-work itself. The Emperor is a man of brains, force, and progress, and, I think, has a real love for his people. They certainly appear very fond of him—all classes. He appoints the council, senate, and courts, and these make and execute the laws. His displeasure is not a pleasant thing to incur. The people may be no more honest than ours, but exposure is too risky. So the shells are never filled with sand, nor do the troops run. The most powerful man here after the Emperor is 'Tripoff,' Chief of Police, a man of wonderful executive ability—always at a fire, a row, or a parade. He is always just behind the Emperor when out, and says who may come and who may go, and who shall be tried, too, I think, and perhaps who may be convicted. He just runs this city, and does it to perfection. He is accountable to nobody but the Emperor. I send to him to get Americans out of scrapes or out of the country, or to do any thing else. All I know is that it is done. His dispatch to the frontier lets any body in or out or stops them for examination. He is said to be a very just man, as he certainly is a very active one."

—Thomas Tolman, of Sidney, Maine, can put his hand on his heart and assert, upon his honor, as follows, namely, that he is now over ninety-four years of age, and has voted for President every term since his twenty-first year, casting his first vote for Jefferson, his last for Grant. He voted for Governor every year in Massachusetts between 1800 and 1820, when Maine became a State; and since then has voted for Governor every year in Maine. Hasn't he nerve?

—Colonel Bristow, the new Attorney-General of the United States, is a native of, and was raised in, Kentucky. He lived in Hopkinsville up to the breaking out of the war, and shortly afterward was appointed United States District Attorney, and fulfilled its duties with such ability that, some years since, the President called him to Washington as a special legal adviser of the government. A year ago, we believe, he offered his resignation (accepted by the President) to accept a lucrative position on the Southern Pacific Railroad, which he yet holds. He is a very popular man in his party, and the appointment gives entire satisfaction to the Republicans of Kentucky and the South. He is genial in his manners, a firm friend, and (those who know him best say) a pretty good enemy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the most curious objects in certain ethnological museums (that of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington included) may be mentioned a peculiar form of human head, as diminutive in size as that of a monkey, but the general features well preserved, the hair long and dense, and the lips usually sewed together with a large number of cords, which hang down from them. Tufts of feathers and other objects are frequently used for the embellishment of the preparation. On examination it will be found that this head is composed exclusively of the skin, all the bones and flesh having been removed, but the precise mode of preparing this has for a long time been a puzzle to every one.

Quite recently Mr. Buckley, an English traveler in the Andes, has brought back to England several specimens of these objects, and explains the mode of preparation. According to his statement, the head is removed from the body, and, after being boiled for some time with an infusion of herbs, the bones, brain, etc., are taken out through the neck. Hot stones are then put into the hollow, and as they cool they are continually replaced by others. The head is by this process contracted, and the skin reduced to the size desired. A string is then run through the head, which is suspended in the hut, and solemnly abused by the owner, who is answered by the priest, speaking for the head, after which the mouth is sewed up to prevent any chance of a reply. This abuse is repeated on feasts and on any special occasion. The heads are essentially trophies of victory, corresponding to the scalps of the North American Indians, being usually those of enemies killed in open or secret warfare.

The tribe among which this mode of preparation of heads is practiced is that of the Macas, as well as sundry sub-tribes occupying the country immediately on the eastern side of the Andes, a few degrees south of the equator. The head in the National Museum is from one of the sub-tribes called the Jibaros.

Dr. Moritz, director of the Meteorological Observatory at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, gives a short sketch of the extremes of the most important meteorological elements for that city, which afford an interesting basis for comparison with similar regions in the United States. It appears from Moritz's table that the highest barometric pressure during the past ten years occurs, on the average, in November and January, and the lowest in July. The highest temperature recorded is 101.8 degrees, which extreme temperature has been reached on three occasions, respectively in the months of June, July, and August. The relative humidity of the air is recorded on two occasions as low as twelve per cent., on twelve or more occasions lower than twenty per cent. In reference to this important element, Moritz remarks that the Tiflis observations completely demonstrate the error of those who have long maintained that regions in which the moisture of the air is lower than seventeen per cent. are uninhabitable for mankind, inasmuch as in Tiflis, on the average, five times in each year, the relative humidity is less than that mentioned.

Among the more important of the numerous current publications of the Hydrographical Office, under Commodore Wyman, is the first volume of a *Coast Pilot* of the coast of Brazil, prepared by Lieutenant Gorringe, and covering the region from Cape Orange to Rio Janeiro, forming a volume of nearly 400 pages, in which the peculiarities of that portion of the coast are detailed with great minuteness, and accompanied by numerous profile sketches of the shores as observable from the vessel at sea.

Another report of a very practical bearing is the result of the observations made by the United States steamer *Narraganset* during a cruise between Honolulu and Sydney, conducted between the 6th of July and the 7th of September, 1872. The points visited were Christmas Island, the Gilbert group, Mulgrave Islands, the Disappointment and Duff islands, and the Vanikoro Islands.

The recent operations of the *Challenger*, according to the London *Athenæum*, seem to indicate that the inhabitants of the deep water exist without any regard to geographical boundaries, while near the surface the distribution is regulated by the temperature of the sea. A deep-water cold current of only 32.5° F. was discovered running to the northward, along the Brazilian coast. No soundings exceeding 2500 fathoms were obtained north of the equator between South America and Africa. The *Challenger* sailed for the Cape of Good Hope September 25.

The science of mineralogy has lately experienced a great loss in the death of Professor Breithaupt, of Freiberg, which took place on the 22d of October, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. For sixty years Professor Breithaupt had been connected with the Mining Academy of Freiberg, first as assistant, and next as Professor of Mineralogy. His best-known production was his *Hand-Book of Mineralogy*, published in three volumes, between 1836 and 1847; and his special papers in various journals have been very numerous, and always of much importance.

Principal Dawson, of Montreal, has added to the list of important scientific memoirs from his pen a report on the fossil plants of the lower carboniferous and Devonian of Canada, constituting one of the more recent publications of the Geological Survey of Canada. This gentleman occupies a high position as a fossil botanist, sharing the honor of pre-eminence with Dr. J. S. Newberry and Professor Leo Lesquereux. The paper is amply illustrated, and will doubtless become a standard work.

In a late notice of the Geological Survey of Ohio we mentioned inadvertently that the report on the fossil plants was prepared by Professor Lesquereux. This was an error, no one being more competent for this work than the head of the survey, Professor Newberry; and a memoir on the subject, soon to appear from his pen, will form one of the most important features of the report of the survey.

The city papers have lately contained a number of articles urging the propriety of establishing an aquarium in Central Park equal to that of Brighton, in England. It is much to be hoped that measures will be taken at an early day for accomplishing this object. There is nothing more attractive to the public than a well-arranged establishment, where the different marine objects may be seen in their native element. Distorted stuffed skins, or shriveled and offensive preparations in alcohol, give but a very inadequate idea of the appearance of the living objects which they attempt to represent. If the Central Park authorities are unwilling to go to the expense of erecting an establishment of this kind, it may not be amiss for them to authorize it to be done by private enterprise, a small fee being charged for admission. The Brighton Aquarium, the largest and most elaborate yet erected, is a pecuniary success, and there is no doubt that, in a city like New York, the number of persons visiting such a collection would be ample to support it on a large scale, as it would be especially attractive to children, and a means of education, by object teaching, of the greatest value. New York is favorably situated for securing all the varieties of animal life belonging to the sea. An abundance of water can, of course, be readily obtained, while the fishing vessels could easily be engaged to bring in some of their most interesting captures, these to be supplemented by the results of a special mission for the same object. The services of the United States Fish Commission could doubtless be secured toward the same end, the very complete apparatus used in its service frequently capturing in a single day what would fill a large number of tanks. We trust, therefore, that this idea will not be lost sight of, and that at an early date we may have the pleasure of chronicling the erection and successful operation of the New York Aquarium.

A fact of much interest in the history of science is the completion, in a seventeenth volume, of the great botanical work, *Prodromus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis*, by M. Alphonse de Candolle. The work was commenced fifty-two years ago by the father, and at his death was continued by the son, and a grandson (the son of Alphonse de Candolle), who performed important service in finishing the book. We learn from a communication made by De Candolle to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, that the first seven volumes were almost entirely prepared by his father, who died in 1841.

From that time others were enlisted in the service, and no less than thirty-five persons in all were engaged upon the work, each author taking some special monograph and working it up to the best of his ability. Among those mentioned as having contributed most to the *Prodromus* are Messrs. Bentham of London, Meissner of Basle, Dunal of Montpellier, Müller, Decaisne, Moquin-Taudon, Duchartre, etc.

The work treats of 214 families, 5134 genera, and 58,975 species. Extensive as it is, however, it only reaches to the end of the dicotyledons, and thus joins on to the great work of Kunth on the monocotyledons.

The author is justly proud of the influence which this work has exerted upon the progress of botany, and the use which is made of it in preparing other monographs. It has also done a great deal toward introducing the principles of the natural system, especially in the division of families, genera, and species, as well as the true principles of nomenclature, and particularly that of the law of priority.

The total number of new genera and species described in the work is given at 657 for the one, and 11,790 of the other.

It is well known that the velocity of movement of a wave over the surface of the ocean varies with the depth of the water over which it is passing; so that, knowing the length of time required for a wave to pass across the Atlantic Ocean, we should be able to deduce the average depth of the water. The self-registering tide-gauges maintained by the United States Coast Survey on the shores of the Pacific Ocean afforded Professor Bache, in 1855, material wherewith to determine the depth of the Pacific Ocean, by making use of the earthquake wave that destroyed the harbor of Simoda, in Japan, and swept thence eastward to the coast of California. Similar and very valuable results were arrived at, in 1868, by Professor Hilgard, on the occasion of the great earthquake of Arica; but no effort has been made until lately to determine the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean. Professor Hilgard communicates the fact that, in November last, the tide-gauges in Penobscot Bay recorded a series of fluctuations continuing from midnight of the 16th until six o'clock in the morning of the 17th, the greatest wave being at three o'clock in the morning, with a height of twenty inches. No important corresponding earthquake phenomena have come to the knowledge of the Coast Survey Office, and it is hoped that if such observations were made, a report of them will eventually be published, in order that this opportunity may not be lost for making a determination of the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

At the adjourned meeting of Plymouth Church, held on the evening of December 5, the invitation to unite in the calling of a representative council was declined by a unanimous vote, unless the church were definitely informed of the precise matter to be referred to the council. The examining committee in the case of Henry C. Bowen reported a resolution that the facts and assurances given by Mr. Bowen be accepted "as an answer to the charges preferred against him, and that the complaint be dismissed." This was adopted. Professor Raymond offered a resolution, which was also adopted, declaring that the principles set forth in the Manual of Plymouth Church were interpreted by it as relieving all other churches from responsibility for its doctrines, orders, and discipline, and as asserting for it the right to judge in every case what fellowship, advice, or assistance may properly be offered or received. Mr. Beecher made the following statement: "Many have held to a very high degree of authority to be exercised by the churches over each other through organized public sentiment; others hold the local independence of the church, and the right of the church to determine, without interference of other churches, questions belonging to itself—in other words, a democratic and an aristocratic Congregationalism. I need not say that Plymouth Church, from the feeling of the people and the disposition of the pastor, has stood always on the platform of democratic Congregationalism as distinguished from the stringent aristocratic Congregationalism."

The incidents during the week of the "Reformed Episcopal Church" movement are not numerous. Bishop Alfred Lee, of Delaware, and Bishop Lee, of Iowa, have both addressed letters to Bishop Cummins, strongly condemning his course. The *Church Journal* has proposed the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer "for the repentance and pardon of an apostate bishop." Dr. Cheney laid before his congregation in Chicago the fact of his election as missionary bishop of the new Church, and referred to their decision the question of his acceptance. They unanimously voted that he might accept, provided it did not interfere with his connection with them as pastor. His ordination was to take place on Sunday, December 14.

On Sunday and Monday, December 7 and 8, the churches of the Roman Catholic diocese of New York and of other dioceses were dedicated to the service of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus." In commending this devotion, the *Catholic Review* explains its object to be the fleshly organ in the body of our Saviour. We place here its precise words: "The object, or that which terminates our adoration, is the *real Heart of Jesus*, the living Heart of Christ, beating with love of man. We say the Heart of Christ; that is, we do not consider this Heart as separated from the Sacred Humanity, or the Humanity as apart from the Eternal Word, but the Heart of Jesus, which we adore, to which we address our prayers and our offerings, is the real living heart of flesh, inflamed with love for us, as it beats in the breast of Christ, living with substantial life divine. And for this reason, because the Heart of Jesus thus considered terminates our devotion, we can pay to it the highest worship, we can display toward it that supreme honor which man shows to his Maker and Redeemer; for the object of our worship is the Heart of Christ. But Christ is God. We adore, then, the Heart of the Word Incarnate."

It has been well said that the heart is but a force-pump, and that only by metaphor can it be described as the seat of the affections. Adoration of the brain of Jesus would be just as rational as that which is now pervading the Catholic world.

The Geneva Council of State has called on three more curés, those of Lancy, Chêne-Bourg, and Caronge, to take the oath of obedience to the new constitution. As these three are infallibilists, it is supposed that they will refuse, and that their benefices will be declared to be vacant.

The congregation of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. William Adams has so long been pastor, have extended a call to the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Brooklyn. The salary of the new pastor will be $8000, with $2000 in addition for house rent. The acceptance of Dr. Duryea has not yet been signified.

Bishop William Edward Armitage, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Wisconsin, died in St. Luke's Hospital, in this city, from the effects of a surgical operation. On Tuesday, December 9, a funeral service was held by relatives and friends, after which the remains were taken to Detroit for interment.

The speech of the King of Italy upon the opening of the Parliament, on November 15, shows an unwavering determination to curb the Church. Among the rest, he said: "Italy has shown that Rome could become the capital of the kingdom without diminishing the independence of the pontiff in the exercise of his spiritual ministry and in his business with the Catholic world. Resolved to respect religious feelings and religious liberty, we will not suffer attempts to be made, under the cloak of these sacred rights, against the laws and against national institutions."

The sense of national independence, as against the encroachments of the Church, seems to be freshly awakened in all the states of continental Europe. Without preconcert, they are yet in full accord.

The *American Lutheran* presents a most encouraging statement of the progress of the Lutheran Church during the last year:

"The General Synod increased, above all losses, 46 ministers, 34 congregations, 3197 members.

"The General Council increased 26 ministers, 96 congregations, 14,353 members.

"The General Synod South increased 7 ministers, lost 4 congregations, increased 775 members.

"The extraordinary increase of membership in the General Council is, no doubt, largely owing to the immigration from Germany."

It has been noticed, with expressions of surprise, that only in Prussia are the Roman Catholic bishops hostile to the government. Thus the Bishop of Strasburg has informed the government of the appointment of a new canon in his cathedral, and the appointment has received government sanction. The Bishop of Münster has notified the government of the selection of sixteen priests for parishes, and the priests have taken the oath of allegiance to the state. The same has occurred in Bavaria. It is shrewdly suspected that the order has gone out from Rome that toward all the governments except Prussia the bishops should follow a conciliatory line of conduct.

The government of Brazil has adopted extreme measures against the Bishop of Pernambuco for disobedience to the laws of the empire. It will be remembered that this bishop has attempted to enforce the bull of the Pope against the Freemasons by excommunicating individual Masons who were also Roman Catholics, and guilds composed wholly or mainly of Catholic Masons. The laws of the empire do not permit a papal bull to be enforced without an imperial *placet*. The resistance of the Masons to the bishop brought down his interdict upon their churches. The government here interposed, and ordered the churches to be reopened, and religious services to be performed. This the Bishop of Pernambuco has resisted, and the government has ordered his prosecution. He is charged with having "declared formal war against the imperial government, the criminal code, and the political constitution of the empire." The penalty for these offenses is imprisonment, with hard labor. The bishop has replied to the prosecution by interdicting some ten or more Masonic brotherhoods in his diocese. The issue between the Church and the state is clearly made.

The Quakers have been holding a Conference in London "to take into consideration the condition of the body, and in particular to inquire into the causes which are retarding its increase and producing a marked diminution in the attendance at many of the meetings." An English paper states that in 1660 there were estimated to be 60,000 Quakers in England, but that the number now is less. In 1800 there were 413 meeting-houses, half a century later there were 371. The same fact of decrease is noticeable in the United States.

There is a strong disposition among the colored people of the United States to organize separate churches. There are already three Methodist organizations composed exclusively of them. A movement in the same direction has begun among the Cumberland Presbyterians. Delegates have been invited to assemble in Nashville, Tennessee, on the Thursday before the first Sunday in May, 1874, for the purpose of organizing a General Assembly, to be known as the "General Assembly, Colored, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the United States."

The *Jewish Messenger* complains of the Shah's forgetfulness of his promise to ameliorate the condition of the Jews in his kingdom. It reports that "the Alliance Universelle Israelite and the London Board of Deputies have become skeptical of the genuineness of his intentions, and they have now determined to distribute among the Jews throughout Persia printed copies of the address presented to the Shah during his royal progress, and the replies he made to them respectively. The Persian Jews will then be able to contrast the sayings of their ruler in Europe with his action in Persia, and to draw just estimates of the value between promises and performances."

The Southern Presbyterians are pushing the project of founding a Southwestern university. Several synods have already signified their purpose of co-operation, and have elected directors.

One would naturally think American Christian missions in Bohemia, where the first dawnings of light that preceded the Reformation broke out, a work of supererogation. But a missionary of the American Board sends from the neighborhood of Prague a different story. "I never fully realized the meaning," she writes, "of 'half civilized' until I came to Bohemia, where it stands out before me in a glaring, sickening light. The degradation of the women, the gross immorality of both sexes, and sanctioned by government, the idleness and tyranny of the men, all are revolting sights, and I ask daily why must these things be? Women are the workers, poorly clad, barefooted and barelegged, engaged in the lowest and most filthy of every kind of work, on farms, or in carrying up brick and mortar for buildings, or in shoveling coal at railroad stations: any thing to be done they must do, while they are driven about by their idle husbands like brutes."

It will be remembered that a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States a few years ago petitioned the Emperor of Russia to grant religious toleration to the Lutherans in his empire, who were forced by the operation of the laws into the communion of the Greek Church. The *Lutheran Observer* reports, as the effect of the concessions granted by the Czar, that thirty thousand persons in Russia rejoined the Lutheran Church in 1872.

Dr. Döllinger, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship, received from the Emperor of Germany the Order of the Red Eagle, of the second class.

We noted some time since the project of a Roman Catholic university in England, and more recently that of a university in Ireland. The plan of the former has been developed, and is as follows: "The Archbishop of Westminster and the twelve suffragan Catholic bishops of England are to hold and control, as an incorporated body, the real property of the university. They with the rector and senate are to constitute the governing body of the university, but the real head of the university will be the Pope himself, and the rector is to be responsible to the Pope alone. The senate, which is to be a large body, will be composed of a few priests, and of representative men taken from the ranks of the Catholic nobility and from the leading Catholic merchants, manufacturers, and professional men of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, London, and other large towns. The choice of rector has been already made. The bishops have selected for the office Monsignor Capel. The existing Catholic colleges in England are to be affiliated with the university, and are to be feeders to it."

It is expected that, owing to the condition of affairs on the Continent, many Roman Catholic families there will send their sons for education to the English university.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

What to buy for Christmas—provided you have money to buy any thing—seems just as much a problem in this year of 1873 as ever before. If shop-keepers have suffered from the financial troubles that have spread more or less all over the country, they show no sign of it now. The Broadway windows, and no less those in the business avenues, glitter with beautiful things of every name and nature. If you go out to purchase without a definite idea in your mind, you will become utterly bewildered. To enter a toy-shop, or one where fancy goods are sold (that term "fancy goods" has a wide range nowadays), during the holidays, is dangerous, unless you have plenty of money—or *not any*. There is such a wonderful variety of strange and beautiful things that the mind is filled with amazement at the inventive genius of man. Nothing seems wanting, and it seems scarcely possible that another year could bring any thing new in kind. And yet it will—novelties of which we now have no conception. It is less confusing, but very agreeable, to step into the book-stores. And those whose purses are limited this year will find a choice of gifts from the book-shelves more easily and satisfactorily made, perhaps, than from most other sources.

The General Transatlantic Company a short time before the loss of the *Ville du Havre* had completed arrangements to send a steamer from this port every week. The *Amérique*, a new steamer about the same size as the *Europe*, and a little smaller than the *Ville du Havre*, will be ready for sea early next year, and another steamer of equal dimensions is now in course of construction. The *Lafayette*, which was burned at Havre some time ago, has been reconstructed, and is now running between Brest and Aspinwall.

In the new church at Stratford-on-Avon there is to be a window decorated with Biblical illustrations of the "Seven Ages of Man." First, the infant, shown by "Moses in the Bulrushes;" the boy, "Samuel presented to Eli;" the lover, "Rachel and Jacob at the Well;" the warrior, "Joshua leading the Hosts of Israel;" the judge, with scarcely the same appositeness, represents "Deborah judging Israel under the Palm-Tree;" the old man, "Abraham and the three Angels;" and the very old man, "Isaac blessing Jacob."

At Munich, Germany, nearly all the clerks and bookkeepers in banks are young women. They are found to be expert at figures, and quick in mental arithmetic.

Malignant diphtheria of the most virulent type has made its appearance in a German settlement at Medicine Lake, Minnesota. It has been impossible to discover what gave rise to the disease; and although the best medical aid has been sent to the sufferers, the disease has proved fearfully fatal.

Beef certainly is likely to become cheaper in Eastern markets now that there is a good prospect that it can be brought in refrigerator cars from Texas, and delivered here in excellent condition. A wealthy company of cattle dealers have opened extensive abattoirs at Denison, Texas, with ample arrangements for dressing five hundred beeves daily. They have also constructed refrigerator cars at large expense. A short time ago ten of these cars, laden with one hundred tons of beef, arrived in Jersey City, having been eight days on the road. The meat was found to be in perfect condition. It is proposed to run three trains from Denison every week. Australian meat is now sent to England in a similar manner, no antiseptic materials being employed. The fresh meat is kept on board ship in a reservoir cooled by artificial ice, and is said to lose none of its properties.

According to the report of the Director of the Mint, no substantial progress has been made during the past year toward a general assimilation of the principal coinages of the world. The United States adheres to the dollar, Great Britain to the pound sterling, and the states of the Latin monetary union (France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy) to the franc. Germany has provided for a new money of account, with the mark as the unit, and which is represented by fine gold of the value in United States money of 23.82 cents. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have established a new money of account, with the crown as the unit, and represented by fine gold of the value of 26.798 cents in United States money. These diverse moneys of account, to which the price of all commodities has been or will be adjusted, can not be brought into harmony unless all adopt one of the foregoing or a new money of account, and that does not appear probable.

Early this month another large quantity of goods was recovered from the wreck of the steamer *Atlantic* and carried to Halifax. Operations on the wreck will be suspended during the winter.

A classical and scientific school for boys and girls has been established in Hallowell, Maine, by the Maine Conference of Congregational Churches, and will be opened the 1st of January. The site of the institution, comprising eleven acres of ground, is a fine and elevated one. The old Hallowell Academy is to be used for recitation-rooms, and two new buildings have been erected—one a boarding-house for boys, which will accommodate forty pupils, and one for girls. The latter is 160 feet long, with two wings 40 feet wide, containing 76 rooms. They are arranged in suits of two sleeping-rooms and one parlor for four pupils. As soon as means can be secured a larger edifice will be erected. About $70,000 have already been obtained. This school is designed for the special benefit of the State, and is also to be the High School for Hallowell.

Guy Fawkes—he is the baby hippopotamus in the London Zoological Gardens—was a year old on the 5th of last November. He is six feet four inches long, and about three feet high at the shoulders. He is black, or nearly so, weighs about a ton, and is as tame and playful as a kitten. He is very fond of sweet things, and has learned to beg when he wants any thing special to eat.

A Pennsylvania newspaper relates a curious circumstance, which should induce some genius to establish a laughing-cure for the benefit of humanity. Two persons were lying very sick in the same room, one with brain-fever, the other with an aggravated case of mumps. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved, and now both are well.

Among "curious wills" which have recently been brought to light in England there are two which exhibit conjugal affection in an interesting and somewhat unusual light. One is the will of a late member of Parliament, in which he thus speaks of his brilliant wife:

> "The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady ——'s future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her probable survival after my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection, and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her and can appreciate her admirable qualities, and the respect of all with whom in any relation of life she is connected."

The other is the will of a lady who died in 1868, bequeathing all her property to her husband. She adds:

> "It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry ere long a nice pretty girl, who is a good housewife, and, above all, to be careful that she is a good temper."

On the day of Sir Edwin Landseer's funeral some unknown person hung wreaths around the Trafalgar Square lions, and, strange to say, they were left there undisturbed for more than a week.

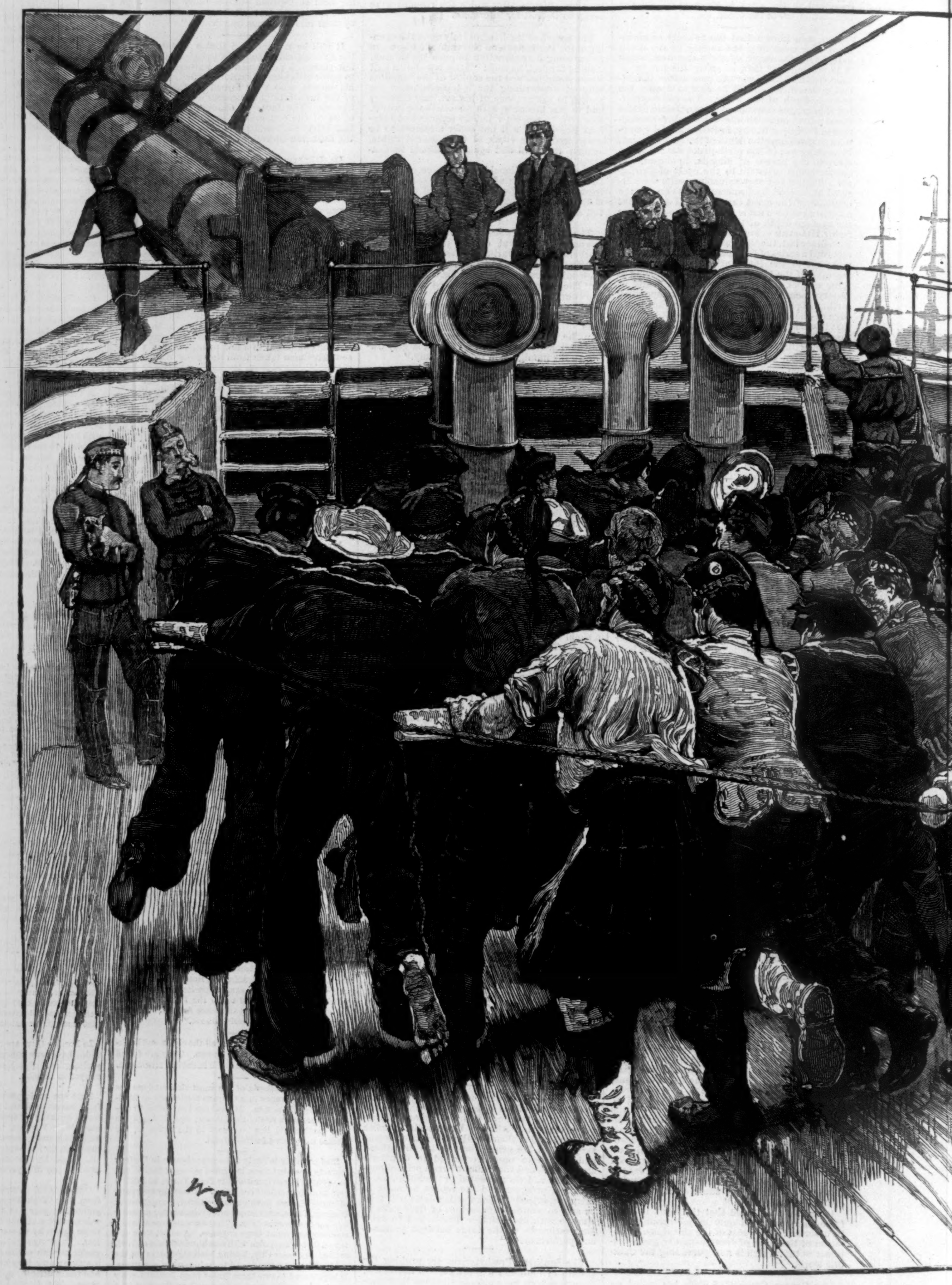
The discovery of a rich gold mine in the San Juan district, twenty-five miles southwest of Del Norte, in Southwestern Colorado, is reported. If the stories told concerning the quality of the ore are correct, the mine is likely to prove one of the richest deposits ever brought to light. Time will show.

Ingenious devices are suggested in France for preventing postal cards being read by the concierge class, who have not much to do except to gossip. It seems that the postal card system has not succeeded very well, because all letters, or the greater part of them, pass through the hands of the concierges.

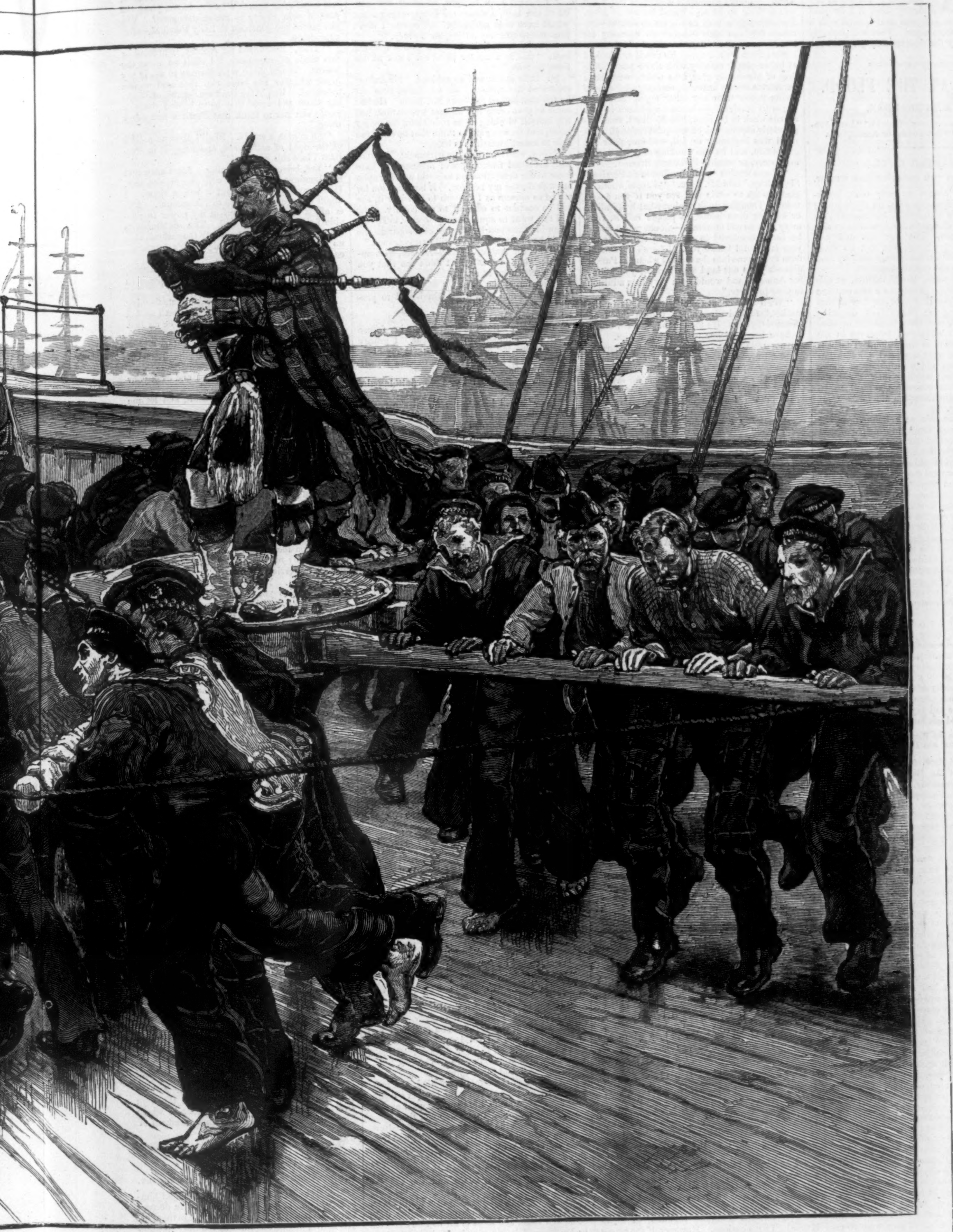
In London there are 10,000,000 pounds of tea in bond which have been condemned as unfit for use from the adulteration. Spurious teas will henceforth be destroyed in London.

Rats are an improvement upon some men whose fame has gone abroad in the land. An exchange informs us that a rat recently started a bank in Martinsburg, West Virginia, taking his currency from a bar-keeper's money drawer. When a run was made on the bank, do you suppose the rat suspended? Not at all. He quietly absconded, to be sure, but left sufficient assets to pay fifty per cent. of his indebtedness.

Out of 19,000 government registered packages sent from New York through the Post-office to various points last year but three were lost, and their value was recovered simply by tracing the responsibility to those agents by whose carelessness the packages were lost. Formerly registered letters were sent in the same packages with ordinary letters, distinguished only by a stamp; now they are put into separate envelopes, and transmitted by mail agents, who give receipts for them. The details of the registration system have been placed in the charge of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, and arrangements are to be made providing separate pouches and locks for the letters. It is probable also that the registration rate will soon be reduced. Now it costs fifteen cents to register a letter from one point to another in the United States, while one may be sent to or received from a foreign country for eight cents. Doubtless, if the rate is reduced, many who now risk sending money without registration will make use of the system.



THE UNITED SERVICES—SCENE ON THE DECK



DECK OF AN ENGLISH TROOP-SHIP.—[See Page 1162.]

THE UNITED SERVICES.

OUR double-page illustration this week represents a scene on the deck of an English troop-ship on the eve of her departure for some distant colony, or possibly for the seat of the war in Africa. The soldiers evidently think it jolly good fun to help the sailors, and lend a hand with a will at heaving the anchor. They will probably feel less like it by the time the ship gets well out to sea.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. BAIN PLEADS THE CAUSE OF THE WIDOW.

SIR AUBREY, always an early riser, breakfasted a little earlier than usual on the morning after his interview with Sylvia, and mounted his favorite Splinter directly after breakfast to ride into Monkhampton. The day was dull and cloudy, and the landscape had not its usual smile as he walked his horse along the hilly road between Perriam and the market-town.

Rather a quiet place, Monkhampton, at this hour of the morning. There were two or three sleek vestry-men lounging near the door of that uninviting building the Vestry Hall, disputing about sewer rates, and the advisability or non-advisability of an additional twopence in the pound, lately a point in discussion. The bells were ringing for a week-day service, and a few respectable matrons and a sprinkling of young ladies might be seen wending their way to the parish church; but commerce seemed to be hardly awake in Monkhampton at a quarter past ten in the morning.

Sir Aubrey drew rein at a house near the beginning of the high street, in a neighborhood where the town touched the border of the country, and where the houses boasted larger gardens than in the heart of Monkhampton. The house before which the baronet stopped was strong and solid and square and respectable—a house which insolvency could never have inhabited, one might fancy, so boldly did it stare the world in the face—so aggressive was the look of its ponderous iron railings. It was built of dull yellow bricks, picked out with red, and had three rows of windows, five in a row on the two upper floors, two on each side of the hall door. The steps were as white as hearth-stone could make them, the windows as bright as if they had been cleaned that morning; but no flower-pot, no bird-cage, no frivolity of any kind, decorated those windows. The two on the left of the door were draped with crimson curtains of a substantial moreen, that assumed the stiffest, straightest folds possible to a textile fabric; the windows on the right were screened as to the lower panes by wire blinds, stern barriers against the prying gaze of passers-by, which said as plainly as words could speak, "We guard the sanctity of a lawyer's office."

On the large brass plate, which gave additional dignity to the tall grained and varnished street-door, appeared the following inscription:

"MR. SHADRACH BAIN,
Solicitor and Land Agent."

Sir Aubrey gave Splinter to his groom, turned the brazen handle of Mr. Bain's door, and went in without further ceremony.

The houses in Monkhampton were, as a rule, thus accessible to the public, and Sir Aubrey was familiar with the habits of his agent. The door on the right of the entrance had the word "Office" painted on its panels, in severe-looking black letters. This door Sir Aubrey opened, and confronted his land steward, who was seated at a desk opposite the door, plodding through a lease, with a pencil in his mouth, ready to take note of any flaw in the agreement.

Shadrach Bain was a man of that doubtful and indefinite age which is sometimes called the prime of life. Time had as yet traced no wrinkle on the land steward's brow, amply provided with those organs of calculation and perception which assist the pursuit of gain. His hard gray eyes had the clear brightness of perfect health; his dark brown hair still thickly thatched his head; his complexion had a ruddy brownness not unpleasant to the eye—a hue that told of long rides in the fresh morning air rather than of the midnight lamp. He was tall, broad-shouldered, well-built, and, like the Miltonian Satan, stood like a tower among his fellow-men. He dressed well, but cultivated rather the outward aspect of a small squire than the sombre attire of the learned professions. He liked, when he went a little beyond his own beat, to be hailed as "Squire" by railway porters and the commonality. He had bushy brown whiskers, a close-shaved lip and chin, wore a suit of heather tweed, a blue cravat, and a plaited leather watch-chain.

He rose briskly at sight of his patron, wheeled forward the one comfortable chair of the office, and shut a door which communicated with the back office, whence the scratching of the clerks' pens had been audible as the baronet entered.

"This is an unexpected honor, Sir Aubrey," he said, in a cheery tone, as the baronet shook hands with him. Sir Aubrey did not always greet his agent so warmly. There were times when he appeared to consider a friendly nod sufficient, and Mr. Bain never invited more familiarity than his patron offered. He took condescension from Sir Aubrey as wise heathens took the gifts of the gods. But to-day his employer was more than commonly cordial, and Mr. Bain augured that there was something in the wind. "*I* breakfast at seven all the year round," said Mr. Bain, as his visitor settled himself in the arm-chair; "but one doesn't expect to see you in Monkhampton before noon."

"I came early because I've something rather particular to say to you, Bain," answered the baronet, playing with the tassel of his riding-whip. "I don't suppose it 'll surprise you, for it was a thing to be anticipated sooner or later. For although a man has come to—ahem—between fifty and sixty—there's no necessity for him to spend all his days in solitude."

Shradrach Bain dropped his pencil and looked at his employer steadily with those penetrating eyes of his—those gray orbs which, with little expression except keenness, seemed to have more seeing power than any other eyes. Mr. Bain began to wonder if the baronet might not be just a little weak in his head, like Mordred, who was popularly supposed to be not quite rational. His mind was beginning to fail, perhaps, poor old gentleman, and he was thinking of going into a monastery, or turning Plymouth Brother.

"There needn't be much solitude at Perriam, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Bain. "People would be glad enough to come and see you if you asked them. Though I don't say but what hospitality, or keeping open house, as people call it, runs away with no end of money—money which would be better employed in enlarging the estate, as your father did before you. There's the Combe farm must come into the market when old Parker dies—it joins our land at Wapshot, you know, Sir Aubrey—and would be a very nice addition to your property."

"We'll talk about Combe when it is in the market," replied Sir Aubrey, with a touch of offended dignity. He thought his steward ought to have been quicker to understand him. "I am not talking of county society. Of course I could fill my house with people if I chose, and, as you say, squander a great deal of money upon visitors who would hardly thank me for my hospitality. But I don't at all desire society of that kind. When I spoke just now of solitude I meant the solitude of a bachelor. The only companionship I wish for is that of a wife I could love."

The baronet pronounced the last word reluctantly. No girl of seventeen could have uttered the portentous syllable more shyly.

Mr. Bain's countenance changed not at this announcement. Very early in life had Mr. Bain brought his facial muscles into complete subjection. They were too well trained to betray him; but his broad strong hand gripped the rail of his chair with a somewhat savage grasp. The hand was behind his back, and Sir Aubrey could not see the action.

"You have some idea of marrying?" said Mr. Bain, with a smile—that cold smile which comes and goes at the bidding of the smiler, chill as wintry sunlight.

"I have more than an idea, Shadrach. I am going to be married on the twentieth of August."

"Next August?"

"Of course. Do you suppose I'm going to put my wedding off for a year? What need I wait for?"

"Nothing, certainly—as regards pecuniary arrangements. But this seems uncommonly sudden. You have known the lady a long time, no doubt."

"I have known her long enough to love her."

"Should I be impertinent if I asked who she is?"

"Not at all. I came this morning to arrange the question of a settlement. But you understand, Bain, that what a man tells his solicitor is sacred."

"Of course."

"The fact is, I don't want any one in Monkhampton to know that I'm going to be married. I don't want the affair to be so much as suspected till it's all over. I hate talk and fuss, and to be stared at or whispered about. No doubt people will be surprised at my marriage, but they can have their fill of surprise while I am away for my honey-moon, and get accustomed to the fact before I come back."

"There is hardly any occasion for surprise, Sir Aubrey, except at the suddenness of the business," said Mr. Bain, with his most deferential air. "The match is a suitable one, no doubt."

"I'll trouble you to reserve your doubts and your speculations till you know all about it," resumed the baronet, testily. "The match is not what society may call suitable. The match is what the world generally ridicules in young or old—a love-match. The young lady—a lady in every thing except position—is beneath me in station."

"Old idiot! he has fallen in love with some pretty house-maid, or a circus rider, or a French actress," thought Mr. Bain, not yet relaxing his grasp of the chair rail.

"The young lady is the only daughter of Mr. Carew, the parish school-master at Hedingham," said Sir Aubrey.

"The parish school-master's daughter. Why, that's the young lady whom young Standen was sweet upon. My daughter Matilda Jane heard something about it at the Hedingham Fancy Fair."

"I beg leave to suggest that 'sweet upon' is not a phrase I care to hear in relation to my future wife," remonstrated the baronet, stiffly. "I am fully aware that Mr. Standen wished to marry Miss Carew, and was rejected by her father."

"She rejected Edmund Standen, of Dean House! That's curious. However, if the young lady was engaged to you, Sir Aubrey, that explains matters."

"She was not engaged to me at the time of Mr. Standen's proposal. That young man's offer was rejected on its own merits."

"Indeed! Well, I hope my daughters may be as lucky when their time comes."

"You are perhaps not aware that Miss Carew is a young lady of exceptional beauty," said Sir Aubrey, with ever-increasing stiffness—"a lady who might have won the affections of a gentleman of even more exalted position than my own."

"She is very young, I suppose?"

"Between nineteen and twenty."

"I should have thought, whatever the merits of the lady, a somewhat longer engagement would have been advisable. Of course I don't presume to offer my advice, Sir Aubrey."

"Sir," returned the baronet, with a freezing look, "this is a matter in which I ask advice from no man."

Mr. Bain murmured an apology. Sir Aubrey recovered his temper. He felt elated even, for he felt that he had put down Mr. Bain. He had come to that office not without trepidation, had felt himself blushing as he rode along the empty lanes, and he was glad to think that he had been able to assert himself thus boldly.

"Now, with regard to the settlement," he said, with his usual friendliness of manner, "I have come to the determination to settle nothing upon my wife during my lifetime. If her affection for me be as sincere as I venture to consider it, she will be content to owe all to my bounty. She will not want to squander my money. To settle an income upon her for her own separate use would be in a manner to instill extravagance."

"True, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Bain, with approval; "but in that case I don't see that you want a settlement at all."

"You forget the disparity of years between Miss Carew and myself. I am bound to provide for her after my death."

"You could do that by will."

"Certainly. But I prefer to make her future secure by an immediate settlement. I gratify myself by leaving her dependent upon my liberality so long as I live, but I wish to show myself capable of generosity—"

"After death," said Mr. Bain, finishing the sentence.

"My wife will look to me for all she needs, but I shall amply provide for the independence of my widow," returned the baronet.

"I understand. Then we have only to settle what portion of your estate you will charge with this provision. You would be able to leave Lady Perriam—how much?"

"I have been thinking that two thousand a year—" said Sir Aubrey, meditatively.

"A poor provision for a lady accustomed to the occupation of Perriam."

"I do not spend more than four thousand at Perriam."

"Perhaps not—but after your marriage things will be different. Where you now spend four thousand, I dare say you'll spend ten."

Sir Aubrey shook his head.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "there will be no difference. A man doesn't change his habits after fifty. Were I to marry a fashionable young woman, accustomed to the dissipations of the London season, I might be expected to alter my mode of living, to launch out in some absurd manner, refurnish Perriam with your tawdry modern rubbish, set up a house in town, and so on. But I marry a young lady who has no pretensions, who is simply the loveliest girl I ever saw—a violet which hides itself in the shelter of its leaves, as somebody once remarked of some one else. What Perriam has been in the past, Perriam will continue to be in the future, until it passes to its next possessor."

"Your son, perhaps," suggested Mr. Bain, who had been thinking profoundly while Sir Aubrey expounded his views. That strong Saxon face looked almost handsome when the man thought. There was such strength of purpose in it. The clear gray eyes clouded, as the man's gaze—no longer penetrating the surface of actual things—surveyed those impalpable shadows which make the vision of things to be.

"My son. If God blesses me with children!" replied Sir Aubrey, reverently.

"I don't think two thousand is enough for a man in your position to leave his widow," said Mr. Bain, presently.

He was to some extent a privileged person, and could speak as plainly as he chose to Sir Aubrey. He had frequent occasion to demonstrate that he knew the baronet's interests a great deal better than the baronet himself understood them, and had thus acquired a certain empire over the weaker brain of his employer.

"Two thousand a year is a large income for Mr. Carew's daughter," said Sir Aubrey, thoughtfully.

"But a paltry pittance for Sir Aubrey Perriam's widow," returned the other. "Why should you stint this lady? You love her; and if she brings you no children, all you do not leave to her will go to your distant relative—a man for whom you don't care two straws."

"Not one," said Sir Aubrey.

"The bulk of the estate is entailed, and must go to Mr. Perriam—after your brother's death, that is to say, and his life is not so good as your own. But there's a large remainder that is not in the entail—all the land bought by Sir Andrew, and the Warren estate, which you inherited from your mother. Why not act handsomely toward this lady in the matter of a future provision? Why not leave her five thousand a year, chargeable on the Warren estate and the Coppice Farm?"

Sir Aubrey opened his eyes in a blank stare. He had expected all kinds of opposition from Shadrach Bain, and most of all had he expected to be opposed in the matter of the settlement, and here was Shadrach Bain pleading the cause of the future Lady Perriam, a person he had never seen, if his own statement were to be trusted.

"Five thousand a year for a school-master's daughter," said the baronet, feebly.

"Five thousand a year for Lady Perriam," replied the steward. "If she is worthy of your confidence and your affection, she is worthy of your liberality. Most men in my position would look at this question from the solicitor's point of view, and counsel meanness. I recommend liberality. If you have no children, strangers, or those who are no nearer to you than strangers, will come after you. Why should you pinch the wife of your choice to fatten strangers? You can not be too generous to Lady Perriam—after your death."

"True," murmured Sir Aubrey, impressed by this mode of argument, "I shall be none the poorer. It will make no difference to me in my grave whether she have two thousand or five thousand. But, if the dead are capable of thinking about the world they leave behind them, it *would* vex me to think that Perriam had every thing."

"Of course it would. Shall I draw up a draft of the deed of settlement, and bring it to Perriam Place this evening?"

"Yes, bring it this evening. Mr. Carew and his daughter are to dine with me, by-the-way. Don't say any thing about it before them. I might change my mind as to the amount. After all, it would be always in my power to provide for my widow by will. The settlement is only a matter of form to satisfy the father, who, no doubt, wants to see his daughter's future secured."

"If you doubt the lady, make no settlement," said Mr. Bain, decisively. "If you believe in her, make her a handsome one."

"Believe in her!" cried the baronet, flashing out indignantly. "Do you suppose that I should marry her if I did not believe her to be all that is good and pure and high-minded?"

"You have known her so short a time."

"Sir, there are intuitions," exclaimed Sir Aubrey, solemnly.

"Then settle the five thousand, and back your opinion, as the racing men say."

"So be it. Draw up the draft, and let me have it for consideration. There will be plenty of time for execution between this and the marriage. Oh, by-the-bye, there's one document you can make as plain and brief as you please—an agreement promising to pay Mr. James Carew a hundred a year, in quarterly installments, during the remainder of his life. I can't have my father-in-law a parish school-master. I give him a maintenance which will support him in comfort and decency for the rest of his days. Perhaps you'll ask me to make it five hundred," added the baronet, with some asperity.

"No, Sir Aubrey. A hundred a year for the father I consider ample. I hope I have not offended by my regard for the interests of the future Lady Perriam."

"No, Bain. You're a good fellow, I know, and devoted to your employer, as your father was before you. I like you for taking Miss Carew's part. I'm obliged to you. I thought you would have echoed that parrot cry about disparity of years, unsuitability of tempers, and so on. I like you for taking my future wife's part against me. Why should the heir at law get more than he is strictly entitled to? He'll get the benefit of all my father's improvements on the estate proper. Gad! he shall have not an acre of the land we've added. I'll settle five thousand on Sylvia, and I dare say I shall leave her a good deal more if she makes me as good a wife as I believe she will. Good-day, Bain. You may as well come to dinner, by-the-way—come at six, and we shall have an hour for going through the settlement before the Carews arrive."

Mr. Bain professed himself happy to obey any commands of Sir Aubrey's. He generally dined at Perriam once or twice a year, when there was some odd bit of land in the market, or some important lease to be renewed. The invitation was understood to be a condescension on Sir Aubrey's part, despite Mr. Bain's professional status and legal right to the title of gentleman. Mrs. Bain had never been invited with her husband, and in Mrs. Bain's particular circle the baronet was set down as a proud man.

"He wouldn't have the income he has if it wasn't for Bain," the lady would observe to her gossips; "but he hasn't a spark of gratitude in his nature. He'll take off his hat to me in my own hall as stiff as a Sir Chesterfield Walpole, but never so much as open his lips to wish me good-morning."

Mr. Bain accompanied his employer into the street, and stood on the pavement while Sir Aubrey mounted Splinter, whose sleek neck Mr. Bain patted approvingly.

"I wish I could get such a horse as that, Sir Aubrey; I'm generally pretty fortunate in horse-flesh, but I never met with any thing to match him."

Sir Aubrey smiled, and bent over Splinter affectionately.

"Six o'clock, Bain," he said.

"Six o'clock, Sir Aubrey;" and Sir Aubrey shook his rein, and rode gayly down the high street, pleased with the easy manner in which Shadrach Bain had taken the announcement of his marriage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STEWARD IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

MR. BAIN went back to his office, seated himself at his desk, and gave himself up to deepest thought. It was not often that Mr. Bain thought. His active, prosperous life was too busy to allow much margin for meditation. No twilight hour did Mr. Bain waste on those waking dreams in which some men let their fancies wander, pleased with shadows; nor did sad retrospective musings, tender memories of days that were gone, ever beguile Mr. Bain into forgetfulness of the present. He was a man who lived essentially in the life of to-day. The business in hand, however petty, was the supreme business of his existence. He brought all his forces into life's daily battle; and it was perhaps on this account that no one ever took him at a disadvantage.

But when Shadrach Bain did think, he thought with all his might. See him now, elbows planted on his desk, chin set firmly on his clasped hands, and you see a man with whom thought is the impalpable scaffolding of a substantial edifice. The man does not think only, he builds. The constructive faculty—strongest organ in that strong brain—is hard at work. The closely knit brows denote that the architectural design in hand just now is complicated—there are difficulties even. For some time the thing seems impossible; then the keen eyes take a more resolute look, the firm lips tighten, and now relax into a slow smile. The difficulties are conquered, the airy scaffolding stands firm; he sees it perfect in every angle; and the smile becomes almost triumphant. The plan of his future edifice is complete.

"Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty," repeated Mr. Bain, in a musing tone. "I think I have made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness this morning."

It was some time before Sir Aubrey's land steward settled to his daily work in his usual brisk manner. He opened a handsome japanned case, on which were painted the magical words, "Perriam Estate," and looked over a number of title-deeds. Some he threw on his left hand and others on his right, until the parchments made two separate heaps.

On one of these he laid his hand firmly.

"All these my father and I added to the estate," he said to himself. And it seemed to him that Sir Andrew and his son Sir Aubrey were as ciphers when weighed in the balance with his father and himself.

"Why not five thousand a year?" he mused. "Why not seven? But no doubt Sir Aubrey will leave her all he has to leave if she behaves well to him. What could a weak little thing like her do to offend him—a parish school-master's daughter? I saw her once standing at the gate of the school-house garden—a slim, fair-haired girl, with brown eyes. Pretty enough, I dare say. But I was driving too fast to take much notice. A girl that could be moulded to any thing, no doubt. There'll be a fine estate by the time she's a widow—a fine independent estate. And if the heir at law should turn me out of the old property, I shall still have my grip upon Perriam."

Rarely had Shadrach Bain spent so much time upon meditation—upon thought which soared out of the narrow circle of the present into the wide cloud-land of the future—as he spent this morning. He had no actual work, no file of sharp, short, decisive letters ready for the copying-machine, to show for his departed morning when the brazen tongue of the family bell gave note of the one-o'clock dinner. He started up from his chair with a surprised look, and made haste to wash his hands at the well-appointed lavatory in a little room beyond the clerk's office.

It was an established rule in Monkhampton—strict as Jewish law—that the middle classes, the simply respectable people, who prided themselves on their simplicity and respectability, should dine at one o'clock. However laggard appetite might be, the family board was spread with plain, substantial fare at that particular hour. Families who hungered after fashion, or even what was called gentility, might dine later if they pleased—might have an untidy scrambling meal in the middle of the day called luncheon, and an early supper at seven disguised under the name of dinner, and call that fashion. By so doing they cut themselves off from those prouder burghers who clung tenaciously to the manners and customs of their forefathers. Mr. Bain was of the old school, and though there had been vague half-expressed aspirations on the part of his daughters for late dinners and equestrian exercise, those yearnings had been stifled in the birth. Neither Matilda Jane nor Clara Louisa had dared to give them utterance in their father's hearing.

The dining-room—that apartment whose crimson moreen curtains were visible from the street—was a comfortable square room, with paneled walls painted and grained in the semblance of dark oak, and graced with family portraiture, in which the high waists and floral head-gear, the buff waistcoats, ponderous watch-chains, and formidable shirt frills of the George and William period were preserved for the gratification of posterity. The furniture was of the same era, and was as solid as it was ugly. The silver of the neatly laid dinner-table was of the Puritanic fiddle pattern; the delf dinner-service was of honest willow, but a superior willow, relieved about the rims and handles of vegetable dishes and soup tureens with a little gilding. The damask napery was of spotless purity. Every thing indicated that honest middle-class prosperity which follows not the changes of fashion—housekeeping which goes on to-day exactly as it was begun twenty years ago.

Had Mr. Bain been of an epicurean temper he might have made some murmur against the placid monotony of his daily fare—the endless procession of legs of mutton and wing ribs of beef, varied occasionally by a roast of pork, a Sabbath fillet of veal, a Michaelmas goose, a Saturday beefsteak pie. But if not altogether an intellectual man, Mr. Bain was certainly not a slave to his senses, and, provided he ate when he was hungry, cared but little with what viands he was fed. The joint was well cooked and cleanly served, the potatoes were well boiled, and the cook had her gamut of substantial old English puddings with which to embellish the meal. Pudding every other day was the rule of the Bain household. They could quite as well have afforded themselves pudding every day, but Mrs. Bain, who looked at life from a pious standpoint, considered daily pudding a pampering of the flesh. There was always a blank look upon the faces of the younger members on off days, and Mrs. Bain felt that those lenten deprivations all the year round were a blessing to her offspring. A provident wife and a thoughtful mother of the old Puritan type, this Mrs. Bain, and her husband felt that in Louisa Dawker he had secured a treasure, even putting her six thousand pounds out of the question. Unhappily, for the last three years Mrs. Bain had been more or less of an invalid—obliged to wear a respirator all the winter, unable to go out-of-doors after sunset even in summer, keeping her bed at times, and suffering much from complicated ailments of lungs and throat, which, as the family doctor whispered, must some day prove fatal, but bearing up bravely through all, and keeping her husband's house vigilantly even when illness made her a prisoner in her bedroom. Summer was a kindly season for Mrs. Bain, and while the warm weather lasted she seemed tolerably brisk, and took her seat at the head of the table, and carved the joint for the seven healthy sons and daughters, Mr. Bain not caring to be troubled by the wants of these young ravens. He liked to review his morning's work and plan his afternoon's labors as he ate his dinner.

Mrs. Bain was a small pale woman, with an honest, intelligent face, and dark eyes that had a pleasant softness in them. She had never been pretty, and failing health had now set the stamp of decay on her pallid countenance; but she looked what she was—a good woman. Her children loved her, despite her somewhat Puritan rule, which exacted a good deal of self-denial from these young people; and her husband respected her.

To-day the head of the household ate with less than his usual healthy appetite. So languidly, indeed, did Mr. Bain ply his knife and fork as to draw upon himself the notice of his family.

"Aren't you well, father?" asked Matilda Jane, the eldest daughter: "you're hardly eating any thing."

"I hope the beef isn't too much done for you, father," said the house-mother, with affectionate solicitude. "I always tell Betsy to do it with the gravy in. And it's a very fine wing rib to-day. The joint weighed fifteen pounds eleven ounces. I saw it in the scale myself."

"The beef's very good, mother, but I've not much of an appetite, and this is only to be my luncheon. I'm to dine with Sir Aubrey at seven."

"Another lease, I suppose?"

"Something in that way," replied Shadrach.

"I heard Sir Aubrey's horse stop before our door while I was in the kitchen talking to cook," said Mrs. Bain, "and I thought it must be something particular to bring him here so early."

"It was some rather particular business," replied the lawyer.

The family evinced no curiosity. Leases and small purchases of land, alterations, improvements, drainage, waste bits of ground reclaimed, were not subjects to engage the interest of the female mind. Mr. Bain's sons were too young to sympathize with his industry. Their minds were absorbed by foot-ball, cricket, and the fourth book of the *Æneid*. No one questioned him further about Sir Aubrey's visit.

"You were at Hedingham Fancy Fair, you two girls, weren't you?" asked Mr. Bain, presently.

"Yes, father," replied the elder. "Mrs. Thomas Toynbee asked us to go with her daughters. The Toynbees are Church of England people, you know, and Mr. Thomas Toynbee is first cousin to Mr. Toynbee of Hedingham, the rich manufacturer. Mother said we might go—she thought you wouldn't mind for once in a way, though they're not chapel people."

"I've no objection," said Mr. Bain. "Did you see Miss—Miss Carew, I think it is—the school-master's daughter, while you were there?"

"Yes, father. We went into the orchard to see the children at tea, and she was there."

"A very pretty girl, isn't she?" inquired Mr. Bain.

His daughters looked at each other and deliberated.

"That's a matter of taste, father," said Clara Louisa.

"She's not my style of beauty," said Matilda Jane.

"But, I suppose, some people admire her," added Clara Louisa; "for it is the common talk that Mr. Standen, of Dean House, is in love with her, and is most likely to marry her, if his mother doesn't interfere to prevent him."

"Do you know any thing about this Miss Carew? You've heard people talk about her, it seems. Have you ever heard what kind of a girl she is."

"Lor, no, father; you don't suppose I know any body who knows her—a parish school-master's daughter? The Misses Toynbee of Hedingham teach in the Sunday-school sometimes, and they told their cousins that they considered Sylvia Carew excessively vain, and very much above her station in all her notions: a girl who wanted setting down. That's what the Misses Toynbee said."

"Humph," said Mr. Bain, "that's what the Misses Toynbee said, is it?" And then within himself he reflected that perhaps it would be Sylvia's privilege to set down the Misses Toynbee, rather than to be set down by them.

Not a hint of Sir Aubrey's marriage did Shadrach Bain give to his family circle. Sir Aubrey had announced that event to him in the strictest confidence, and the agent showed himself worthy of the trust.

He was hardly up to his usual standard of mental activity all that afternoon. This business of Sir Aubrey's marriage was too startling to be easily put out of his mind. He wrote letters, looked over the rent book, saw two or three Monkhampton clients, and got through his work tolerably well, but his mind was only half in it. He was glad when it was time to order the dog-cart for his drive to Perriam—glad to turn his back upon the common work of the office, and go up to his own room to dress.

He looked as good a gentleman as the best in Monkhampton when he came down stairs at a quarter past five, clad in a suit of plainest black, with neat boots, slender gold watch-chain, faultless shirt front of unadorned linen, clean, well brushed—a model country gentleman. Thus attired, his family looked up to him with reverential admiration.

"How well you would look in the pulpit, father, dressed like that!" said Matilda Jane.

Mr. Bain smiled as he adjusted his neckcloth before the looking-glass over the dining-room chimney-piece, while his admiring family sat round the table taking their tea.

"How much better I should look in the House of Commons!" he said to himself, not ill pleased with his own image in the glass; "and who knows what may happen if I keep my grip upon the Perriam property?"

"Do you think you shall be late, Shadrach?" asked Mrs. Bain, meekly. There was no such thing as a latch-key in the Bain household. The head of the family was all sobriety and steadiness. But he was the undisputed master of his ways, and if he chose, for some wise purpose of his own, to stay out late, nobody would question his right.

"No, my dear; Sir Aubrey never sits up late, as you know."

"I thought there might be a party, Shadrach."

"Party?" cried Mr. Bain: "as if Sir Aubrey ever asked me to his parties, or ever gave any, for the matter of that. What could put such a notion into your head, Louisa?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Bain. "You've dressed more particularly than usual. That's the last new suit Frazer sent you home, isn't it? You said you shouldn't begin to wear it just yet."

"The old one's an uncomfortable fit. Besides, what's the use of having good clothes lying hidden in a chest of drawers? There's the trap. Good-by, Louisa; good-by, girls and boys."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Snooks had occasion to call on the reverend Dominie Thomas Atrachard while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at hame, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, sooperintendin' Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing a joint, to the air of *Maggie Lauder*, and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water cask, and heard: "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners! I say. Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your wull?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your wull, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the Dead March in *Saul*, greatly to the hinderance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gudewife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, maister." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye maun just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie *Maggie Lauder*."

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, how it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age. To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

De Quincey somewhere tells an anecdote of a man who, on being threatened with assault by eighteen tailors, cried out, "Come on, *both* of you!"

Not so bad of the Japanese student, who wrote home to his ma that in Boston they had been trying for years to raise the grade of the Common by carting on ice, and had spent very much cash that way, forgetful that the coming spring would every year reduce the masses piled up there to their former level.

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

Spicer thinks the German glazier's cry of "Glass pudin'" furnishes "food for reflection."

At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a by-stander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers!" "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma.

The Home Circuit—Walking about with a baby at night.

A dog was accidentally present during divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the beadle to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say, very significantly, "Ay, ay, Sir; but indeed it was yoursel' began it."

The sinking of a Mississippi steamboat is thus graphically described:

"She sot and hove, and hove and sot,
And high her rudder flung,
And every time she hove and sot,
A wusser leak she sprung."

Mrs. Partington rises every morning at the shrill call of the chandelier.

A lady friend once put a conundrum to her rheumatic old nurse, asking her, "Why are you like a church window, Sally?" and gave the answer, "Because you are so full of pains." Whereupon the old colored woman pityingly replied, "Oh dear, somebody's been a-foolin' of ye, honey. Dem's anudder sort o' panes. Dey's been foolin' ye, chile."

When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

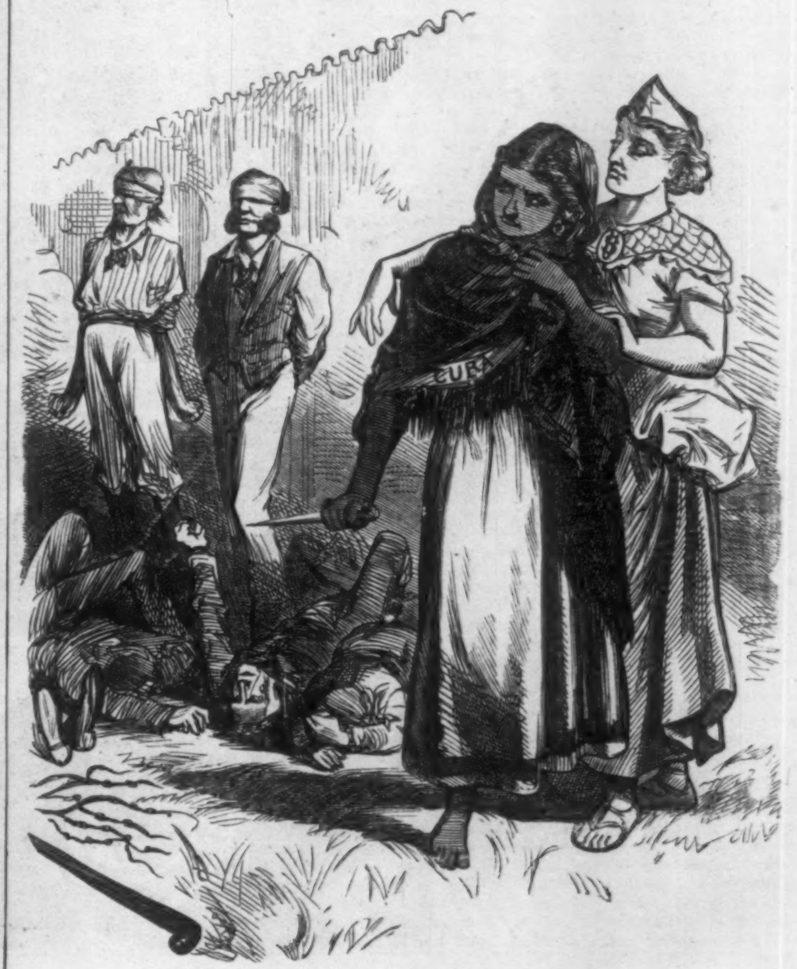
A Detroit wife asks a divorce from her husband for six different reasons. Reason number six is that "he puts hot potatoes in her hands and mashes them by squeezing her fingers."

"Mynheer, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "Well, I tell you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name."

If a Bedouin should lose his teeth, would he talk gum Arabic?

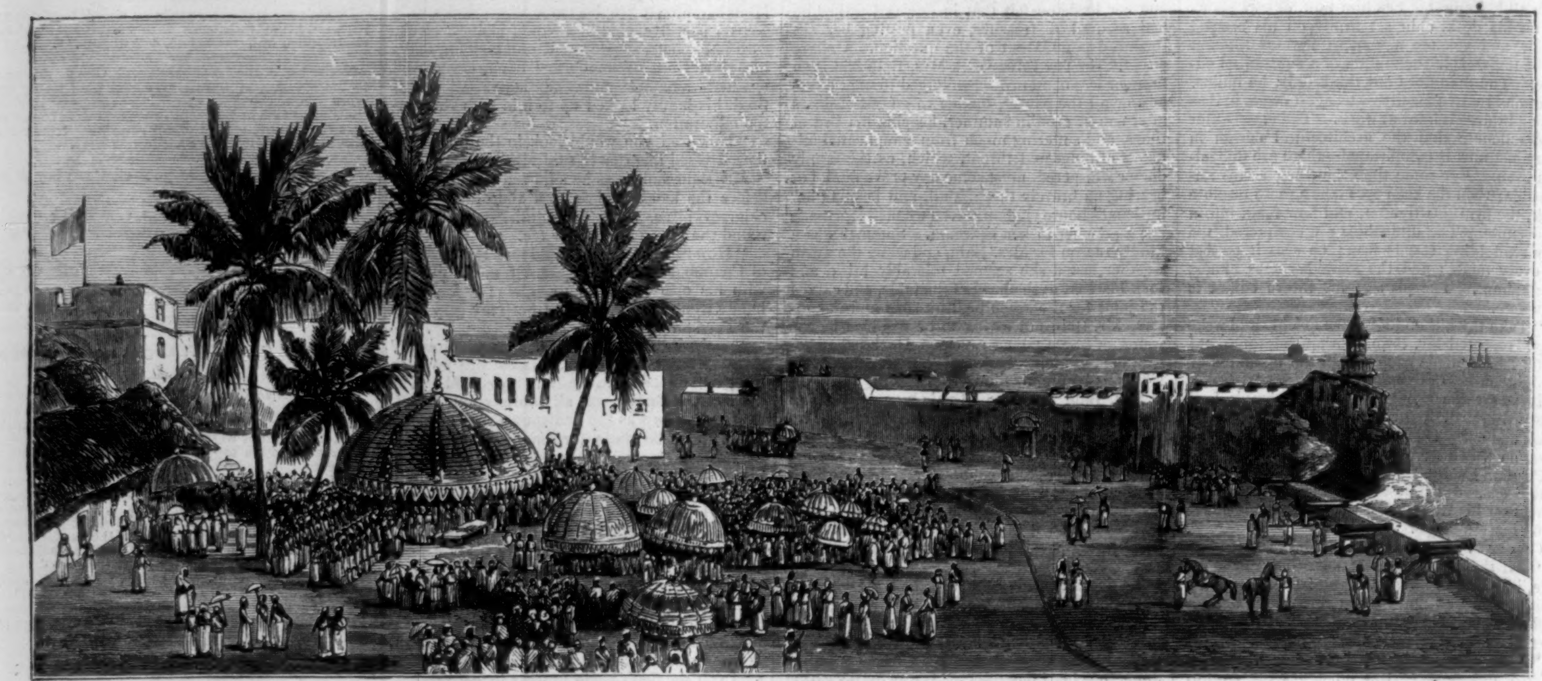
Barney Williams was once acting at Philadelphia, and, being disturbed by a child's cries, said, "Shure there's a nurse wanted." The woman retorted, "No Irish need apply," and retired triumphantly.

The customers of a cooper in the Highlands caused him a great deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting their tubs and casks repaired, buying very little new work. "I stood it long enough, however," said he, "until one day old M'Cawbrie brought in an old bung-hole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the North in disgust."



Columbia. "Give me the Dagger!"

THE ASHANTEE WAR—READING THE QUEEN'S LETTER AT THE PALAVER OF KINGS AT ACCRA.



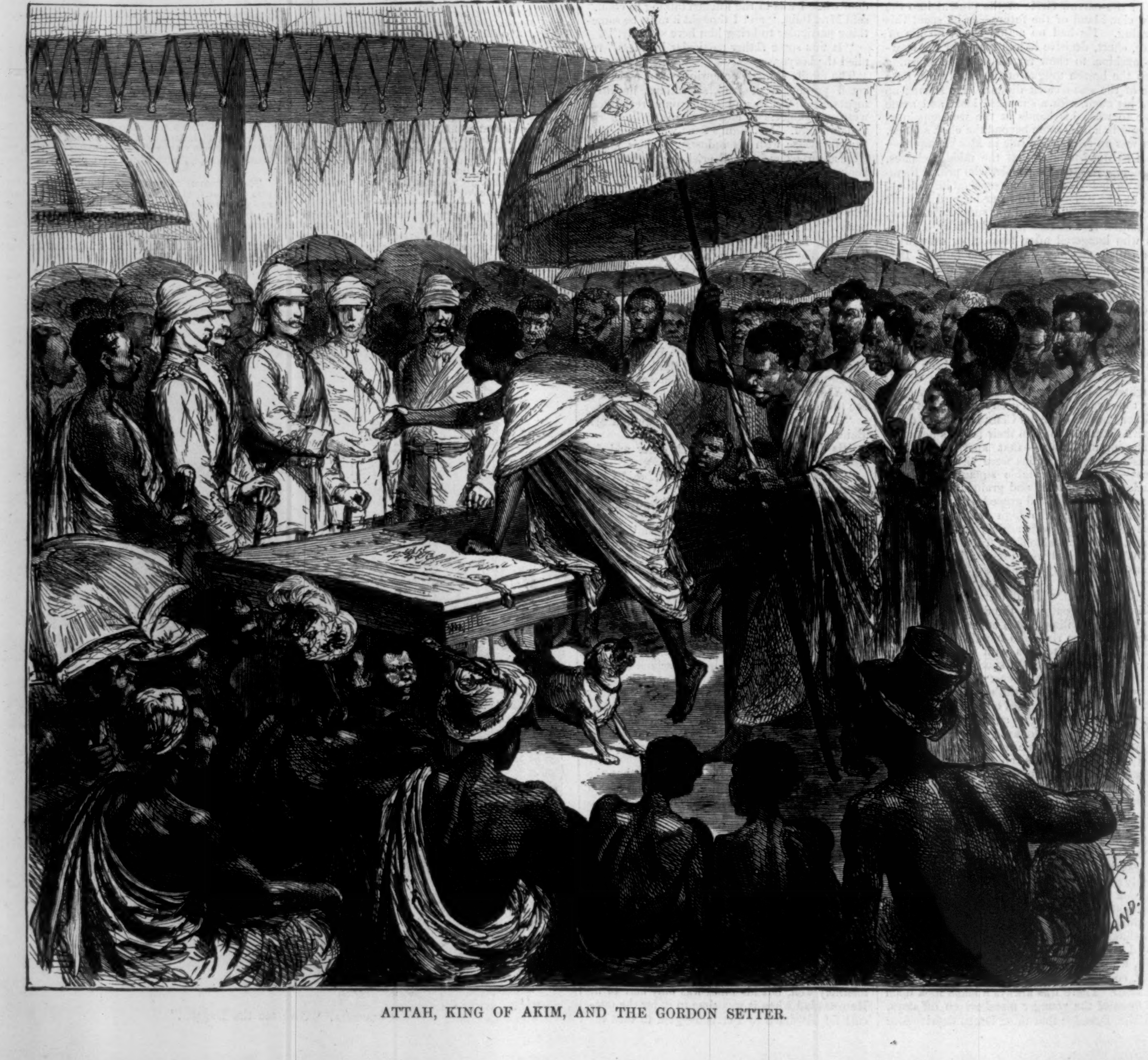
1. King's Umbrellas.—2. Umbrella Tent of Special Commissioner and Staff.—3. King's Drums with Skulls fastened on each.—4. Retinue of Armed Men.—5. Table in front of Special Commissioner on which Queen's Letter is laid.—6. Guard of two hundred Houssas behind Special Commissioner.—7. Fort James.—8. Light-house.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEETING.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE illustrations on this page were taken at Accra, seventy miles from Cape Coast Castle. Here Captain GLOVER's expedition, commonly called "the filibusters," was lately located, and here various kings and chiefs were for some time assembled palavering with him. One of the most important of these monarchs was ATTA, King of Akim, who can put 20,000 men into the field. A fortnight before the King of Ashantee had sent to him, by four heralds, a message of love, proposing an exchange of prisoners, and declaring that he had no quarrel with Akim, only with the "people of the sea." ATTA, however, replied that if the King of Ashantee had no quarrel with him, he had a quarrel with the King of Ashantee. He killed two of the four messengers (for the persons of heralds are not regarded as sacred in West Africa), he sent one back to Coomassie, and took the fourth with him to Accra, where he arrived with a gun-flint in his mouth as a token of war.

The first sketch represents the reading of the

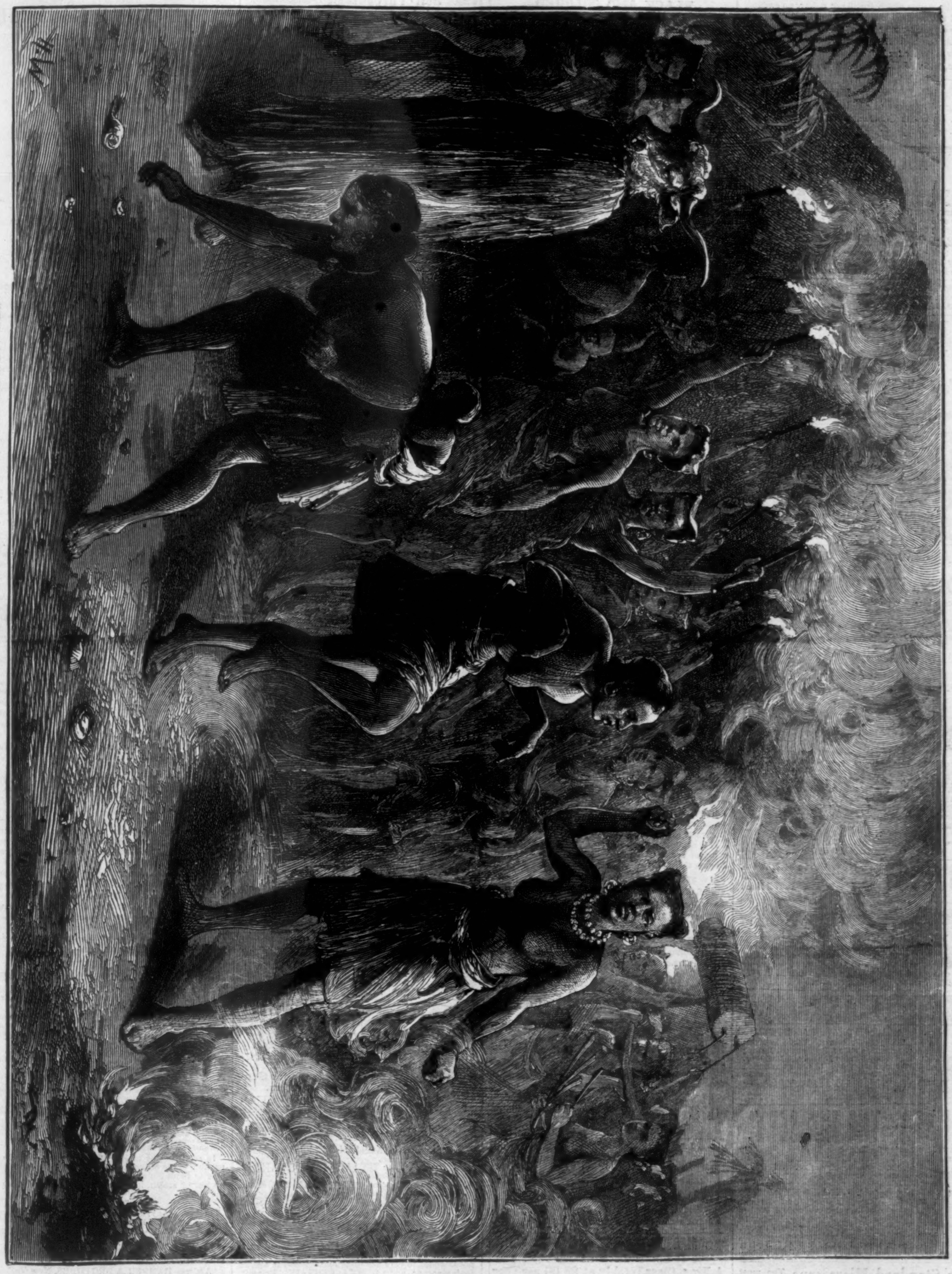


ATTAH, KING OF AKIM, AND THE GORDON SETTER.

Queen's letter, or commission, by Captain GLOVER, to the assembled kings and chiefs, who in return took fetich—that is, swore the Great Oath (on Sir CHARLES MACARTHY's blue jacket)—to follow the white man to Coomassie, if necessary. The scene was intensely interesting. Thousands of savages, retainers of the different kings, were trooping about preparatory to taking their places in the market-place or esplanade, facing the sea. Most of them wore hats, chiefly white or black "billycocks," and one had a lady's hat and feather perched on the top of his woolly pate. Every man of authority, too, is entitled to carry an umbrella, and as these are cotton umbrellas of English manufacture, the effect was rather that of a crowd of London sight-seers caught in a shower than of an assemblage of West African savages, some of them cannibals. The ceremony went off very well, amidst the salute of some small howitzers and the shouts of the crowd.

Toward the end a rather laughable incident—represented in our second sketch—took place. ATTA, the king of Akim, got so excited after swearing the "Big Oath" that he ran back, jumped on the table, and insisted on shaking hands with the Commissioner and staff. A pet dog, however (a black-and-tan Gordon setter, belonging to one of the officers), not relishing the King's unceremonious behavior, rushed at him from under the table, to the great astonishment of his sable majesty, who was considerably disconcerted by the sudden attack.

The sketch on this page represents the Fantees performing a fetich ceremony to keep the Ashantees from invading their town. This ceremony was performed on the sea-beach, where fires were lighted at intervals of a hundred yards, and a rude palisade of sticks, with a twisted grass rope from each, extended in front of the fires. A band of women assembled with torches at the fetich house, and followed the priestess, who was disguised with a bullock's head, and wore a grass robe hanging down to her feet. The torch-bearers were accompanied by a band, while another body of women danced wildly about the procession, and picked up stones and shells, which they flung out to the sea. The word "fetich," it may be observed, comes to us from the Portuguese, who were the first Europeans who traded on the west coast of Africa, and who expressed their idea of the religion of the natives by the word *feiticao*, that is, magic. The term has now received general recognition. A fetich is any thing in nature or art to which a magical power is ascribed—for example, stones, carved figures, certain parts of plants, animals, etc. The black basalt rock, for instance, on which Cape Coast Castle stands is regarded by the natives as a fetich. In some cases the savage does not hesitate to chastise, to throw away, or even to destroy his fetich if it does not appear to satisfy his desires. In the latter case he immediately procures a new one, which shares the same fate on similar provocation.



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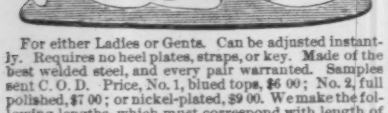

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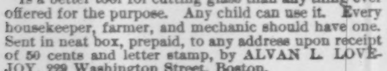

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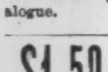

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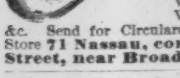

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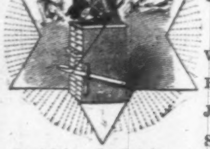

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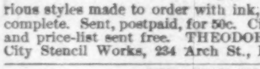

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The January Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE could not easily be surpassed in the variety of its reading-matter or wealth of pictorial illustrations. Half of its contents are illustrated, there being Sixty-nine Engravings. Its illustrated articles treat of the Island of Martinique—the birth-place of the Empress Josephine and of Sultana Validi; of the remarkable financial career of the Rothschilds; and of Washington News-gatherers (from the pen of a veteran correspondent). Besides these, there is another installment of M. D. CONWAY'S "South-Coast Saunterings in England," with nine Engravings, and two Illustrated Poems—"Dies Natalis Christi," a Christmas Ode, by R. H. STODDARD, and "Vagrant Pansies," embodying a quaint and beautiful conceit, by NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

One of the most attractive features of this Number is the first installment of "My Mother and I: A Love-Story for Girls," by Miss MULOCK, beautifully illustrated. Professor DE MILLE'S serial story, "The Living Link," is continued; and there are also two excellent short stories—"A Little Sensation Drama," by JUSTIN M'CARTHY, and "The Sleep-Walker," a tale of rare humor and thrilling interest, by S. B. KEACH.

ALFRED H. LOUIS recalls a legend in Goethe's *Faust* in a beautiful poem, entitled "The Gift of the Gold Cup."

ANNA C. BRACKETT is the author of a fresh and healthful poem, "The Alpine Maiden;" and BAYARD TAYLOR contributes another of his "Improvisations."

The most important of the miscellaneous articles in this number is "The New South," by EDWIN DE LEON. This is the first of a series of papers on the subject—the result of recent and thorough investigation into the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial progress of the South since the War.

GEORGE M. TOWLE contributes a very entertaining and timely paper on "Ashantee and the Ashantees."

The "Easy Chair" discusses the Opera, Secret Societies, and *apropos* of the recent death of Lewis Gaylord Clark, the progress which has been made in magazine literature since the days of the old *Knickerbocker.* The other editorial departments are instructive and entertaining as usual.

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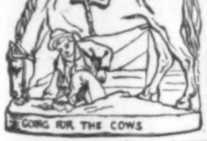

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LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old	" 52

Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1

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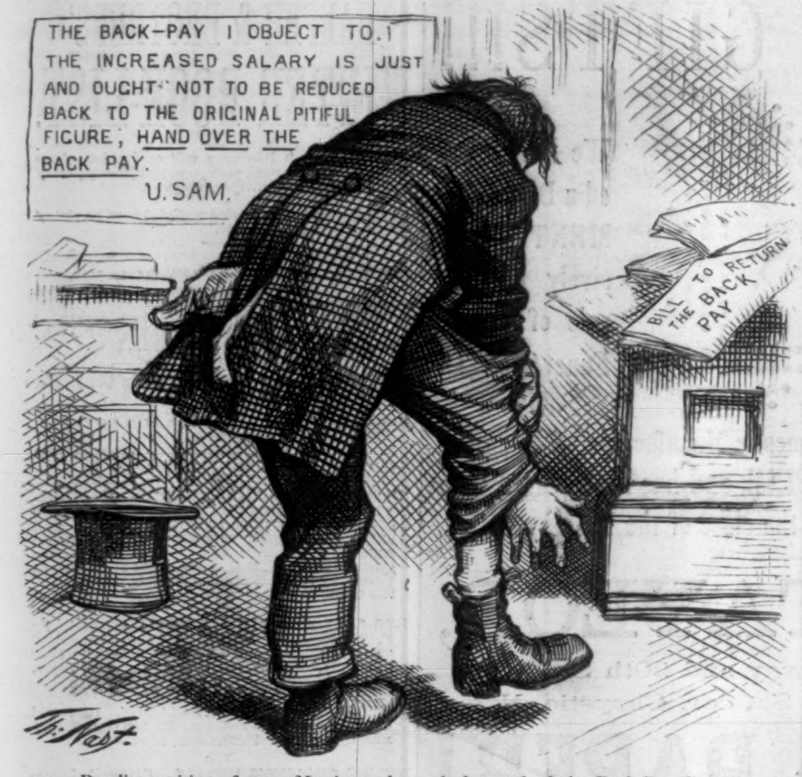
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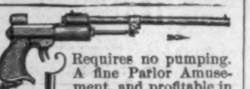

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[Continued from No. 886, Page 1146.]

GOLDEN GRAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

XII.

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THAT HOLY DAY.

It was but a little past nine o'clock when the meeting was over, and the night, though cold, was fine. When we were clear of the Temple of Liberty, Robert Truefit suggested that we should stroll as far as London Bridge, and talk over what had occurred. The principal question that arose in our conversation was what Mark Mallard would do. I was inclined to believe that he would make inquiries after his children, but Jimmy Virtue shook his head.

"You'll never 'ear of him agin," Jimmy said. "He's got no feelin' and no 'eart, and it ain't likely as he'd show his face in Stony Alley. Sich fellers as 'im ain't got the pluck of a mouse. No, no; we sha'n't 'ear nothin' more o' Mr. Mark Mallard, and a good job too. What 'd be the good of sich a father as 'im to Blade-o'-Grass?"

We agreed not to mention what had occurred to Blade-o'-Grass, as it could serve no good purpose. Jimmy Virtue and I united in praising Robert Truefit for the admirable part he had played at the meeting.

"Bob ought to do more o' that sort o' thing," said Jimmy; "that's what I've told 'im over and over agin."

"And grow into an agitator!" exclaimed Robert Truefit. "No, Jimmy; I haven't time for the business. When it comes into my way naturally, as it has come to-night, well and good. But I have my own little commonwealth at home to look after; it takes all my time to administer to that properly."

We retraced our steps toward Stony Alley, and found the neighborhood in a state of great excitement. In answer to our inquiries we learned that there had been a fire in Stony Alley. As we hurried thither, we were greeted by exclamations of,

"Ah, there he is! There's the old un! Wonder how he'll take it!"

We soon ascertained the meaning of these remarks. Jimmy Virtue's leaving-shop was a heap of ashes. A house on each side was partially burned; but the only building completely destroyed was his shop. How long ago did it occur? A hundred tongues volunteered information. Not an hour ago; but, bless your heart! it was all over in twenty minutes. The place burned like a piece of tinder; it was nearly all wood, you see, Sir. The old man must have left a candle burning. To the questions which elicited these and other answers Jimmy Virtue listened quietly, taking no part in them. The alley was strewn with rickety furniture and beds, which, in the first alarm, the occupants of the adjoining houses had brought into the streets for safety; now that the danger was over, they were carrying their furniture back to their rooms. When it became buzzed about that Jimmy Virtue had arrived on the scene of action, there came surging around him a number of girls and women clamorously demanding their little bits of things, valueless perhaps in themselves, but a great loss doubtless to the poor people who had pledged them.

"Where's my Sunday 'at?" demanded one. "Where's my gal's boots?" another. "Where's my flannin peddicoat?" another. "Where's my crinoline?" "Where's my chignon?" "Where's my old man's waistcoat?"

These and a hundred other inquiries were literally hurled at Jimmy Virtue. He simply glared at the women, and told them to look for their things among the ashes.

"Are you insured, Jimmy?" asked Robert Truefit.

No; he was not insured for a shilling. His clients still continuing to badger him, he turned savagely upon them, and said he couldn't help the fire occurring; they were a parcel of fools; and they were welcome to any odds and ends of rags they could find. Suddenly he darted forward into the midst of the smouldering ruins, and fished out an old greasy pack of cards burned round the edges.

"Saved them!" he muttered, triumphantly. "I might 'ave lost every game with a new pack. There's one good thing—Jack's safe. When I'm out, he's never at 'ome."

I really think that the saving of that pack of cards with which he played for great sums with his shadowy victim, Jack, was a perfect consolation to him for the burning of all the rest; but, indeed, he did not seem to be in any way depressed by the misfortune which had overtaken him.

"Well," he said, "it's no good starin' at it any longer. Bob, you'd better go 'ome. Good-night, Mr. Meadow."

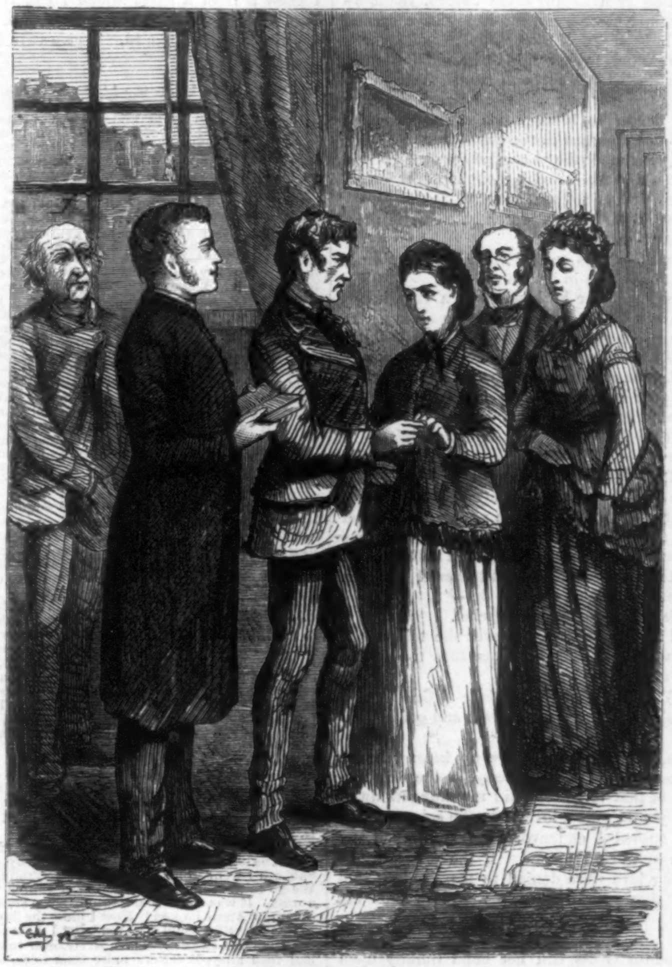
Robert Truefit and I looked at each other.

"Mr. Virtue," I said, "you've no bed to sleep in to-night; and you'll feel lonely by yourself after what has occurred. Will you come home with me? I can make you up a rough bed in my room."

"Thank you, Sir," he replied, with a set expression on his face; "I was afraid you or Bob 'd say somethink o' that sort to me. I shouldn't be surprised, now, if you'd orfer to 'elp me in other ways. How long 'ave you and me known each other, Bob?"

"For more than ten years, old fellow."

"I'll trouble you, Bob, not to 'old feller' me; it sounds special, and it don't suit me jist now. More than ten year, eh? So it is, Bob; so it is. You've found me a pretty obstinate old chap, 'aven't you—pig-'eaded, you might say, eh?"



"SO THESE TWO HUMAN WAIFS WERE JOINED TOGETHER, AND WERE MADE MAN AND WIFE."

"Well, Jimmy, you are rather—"

"Pig-'eaded—that's the word. Now look 'ere, you two! Pig-'eaded I am, and pig-'eaded I'm goin' to be, to the last. If either o' you—you, Bob, or you, Sir—ever orfers me any thin' agin—a bed, money, grub, any think, I don't care what!—you can say good-by from that blessed minute to Jimmy Virtue. I must be nigh on seventy year old—I can't speak for two or three year one way or another, but I must be nigh on seventy if I'm a day—and I've never took charity yet; and I don't mean to begin now. I've never pocketed no money as I didn't work for—except Jack's, and that's a matter 'twixt 'im and me—and I ain't a-going to begin that game at my time o' life. So I'll thank you to say good-night, and leave Jimmy Virtue to 'isself."

"You might as well talk to the Monument," said Robert Truefit, as we walked home, "as talk to Jimmy after what he has said. He'll die before he'll take a penny piece. We must humor the old fellow, and hope for the best."

The following day I learned that Tom Beadle was undergoing another term of six months' imprisonment for pickpocketing. I went to him to tell him of the death of his child, and I took a piece of black crape with me for his cap. I had never spoken to him before, and I was wishful to know something of his nature, so that I might judge in what way I could best impress him to act for the good of the girl who clung to him with so much devotion. He received me with cunning civility; his lynx eyes watched every word from my lips, as if in every word might be concealed a trap. In his mind he classed me with those who wished Blade-o'-Grass to desert him, and therefore I was his enemy. I knew, also, that the fact of my being a minister was an additional argument against me in his eyes. But he must be civil to me, because Blade-o'-Grass had told him I had been kind to her. His eyes moistened when I told him of the death of his child, and his grief grew stronger in the brief pause that ensued. But after a time he said it was the best thing that could have happened to the little thing. I told him, also, of the kindness of Mr. Merrywhistle, and that it was he who had borne the expenses of the funeral.

"Yes," was Tom Beadle's careless comment, "the old chap's 'elped Blade-o'-Grass a good many times, on and off. He's knowed 'er since she was a kid."

There was not a trace of gratitude in his voice.

"She has made other friends as well," I said.

A jealous gleam shot into his eyes.

"What friends? Swells?"

"Friends," I answered, "who sympathize deeply with her, and who would help her if they could."

"What's to 'inder 'em?"

I did not answer him. I left it to him to gather from my silence that it was he who barred the way to a better kind of life for the poor girl; that it was her entire devotion to him that kept her down. He arrived at my meaning without effort.

"I know what you're drivin' at; it's me as 'inders 'em," he said, with a sneer. "Well, that's nothink new. Blade-o'-Grass and me's 'eerd that often enough. The way they'd 'elp 'er is by tellin' 'er to cut away from me. I don't think the old gal 'd do that. I'd bet a penny *you've* been tryin' to persuade 'er."

"On the contrary, I have begged her to ask you to do something that will bring her closer to you."

"Gammon!" he sneered. "What is it you wanted 'er to ask me."

"That you should marry her."

He looked at me in blank wonder. "Marry 'er!" he exclaimed. He was evidently puzzled, and he ransacked his mind for motives and reasons, but all his cunning wit could not assist him.

"It's me as 'inders people from 'elpin' Blade-o'-Grass, and yet the parson wants me to marry 'er!"

I saw this expressed in his face, and I saw also a deep suspicion that some treachery to himself lay behind the proposition.

"I'll think on it," he said, aloud. "Will you take 'er a letter from me?"

"Yes; I will write it for you if you like."

"Thank you for nothink!" he replied, with a leer. "I'll get it done through the governor. He'll 'ave to read it, you know, before it goes. Will you take your solemn oath you won't open it?"

"I promise you not to open it."

"And you won't read it to 'er? You'll give it to the old gal 'erself, and tell 'er she's got to git some one else to read it?"

I made this promise as well; and when I left with the letter, I think he was half inclined to believe that my words and sympathy were genuine. I gave an account of this interview to Mrs. Silver, who was deeply interested in the welfare of Blade-o'-Grass.

"I have been thinking all the morning of the poor girl," she said. "My servant is going to leave me to get married. I will take Blade-o'-Grass in her place, if she will come. It will be a home for her, and I may be able to do her some good."

The proposal delighted me, and I went at once to Blade-o'-Grass to acquaint her with it. She thanked me and Mrs. Silver most gratefully, but said she could not accept the offer. "No, Sir, not to save my life."

"But why?" I asked, in grief and annoyance. "Your refusal is unreasonable."

"You don't understand, Sir. Read Tom's letter. You'll see what part of it I mean."

She gave me the letter I had brought to her from Tom Beadle. The words she referred to were these:

"When I come out, we'll get married. And mind! So long as you are true to me, I will be true to you. But if you run away from Stony Alley, and go with them friends of yours, I shall know what that means."

"It means, Sir," said Blade-o'-Grass, "as Tom 'll think I've deserted 'im. So you see, Sir, I can't go to Mrs. Silver's. Don't you fear for me, Sir. Mr. Wirtue is a real good friend to me now; he's took the next room to this, and he's always bringin' things to me."

Since the night of the fire I had not seen Jimmy Virtue; and I went at once to his room. He did not reply to my knock; and when I opened the door, I found him playing cribbage with his shadow companion. He was so intent upon the game that he did not know I was in the room until I was close to him.

"Ah, Mr. Meadow, Sir, I didn't 'ear yer. Take a chair."

I noticed that his face was pinched and careworn, and I asked him if he was not well.

"Well enough," he replied. "I can't expect to be too well. My time's comin'!"

"Your time's coming!" I repeated, not understanding the reference.

"Well, I'm near the end on it. I dreamed last night they was diggin' my grave." He pushed the cards from him impatiently. "Look 'ere, Mr. Meadow. Take an old man's advice. Don't lead a lonely life; git somethin' about you to love, and as 'll love you; if ever you git a chance, snap at it, or you'll rue the day! A nice thing for a man to play a game—it's life as I'm talkin' of—and when he comes to the end of it, to find out that he's played it all wrong! Do you think it's worth 'avin'?"

"What?"

"Life. Is it worth 'avin'?"

"Surely, surely. It would be sinful to think otherwise."

"Oh, I don't put myself up for any think good. And don't you think I'm different to what I was because I've been dropped upon by bad luck. But what's it worth 'avin' for?"

"For itself; for the good that there is in it; for the good that one can do; for that it is a preparation for the better life to come."

"Yes, yes; Blade-o'-Grass 'as been tellin' me. She says 'er baby's there. Well, it's a good thing for 'er to look forward to. There's nobody there for me, though; a good job, then, for me that I don't believe. No," he said, holding up a warning finger; "don't preach to me! I won't stand it! I've made my bed, and I've got to lay on it."

As I wished to divert his mind from gloomy thought, I did not pursue the subject, but related what had passed concerning Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass, and asked if he had any thing to advise.

"Why not marry 'em at once," he said, "if you think sich a lot o' good is comin' out of it? *I* think it's about the worst thing as could 'appen to 'er."

"I have my plan already settled," I replied, "and if I can carry it out, it will be the redemption of both of them. Marry them at once, you say. But Tom is in prison!"

"Is there any law agin marryin' 'em there? I dare say you could manage it if you tried."

I had not thought of that, and I resolved to act at once upon the suggestion. There were serious difficulties in the way, but I was fortunate enough to gain the sympathy of the governor and the chaplain of the prison, who, when they heard the story of Blade-o'-Grass, were most eager to aid me in carrying out my design. With their assistance, then, all obstacles were overcome, and the day was fixed for the ceremony. I decided that the marriage should be consecrated early in the morning of Christmas-day.

"'Ow about the weddin'-ring?" asked Jimmy Virtue.

I said that I would have it ready on the morning of the ceremony.

"You'll 'ave to measure 'er finger," he said; "let's do it now."

We were conversing in his room. He called Blade-o'-Grass, and she entered.

"We're a-goin' to measure your finger for the weddin'-ring.—Hold on, Mr. Meadow; don't you say a word!—Give us your 'and, Blade-o'-Grass."

The blood mounted to her face as she held out her hand. Jimmy Virtue took a wedding-ring from his pocket, looked at it curiously, and placed it on her finger.

"See, Mr. Meadow," he said, "it just fits. This is my present, Blade-o'-Grass."

She thanked him tearfully, and kissed the ring, and held it to her lips.

"It's 'er mother's," whispered Jimmy Virtue to me.

The sun rose bright and clear on Christmas-day. How well I remember the morning! It is three years since that time, and every incident is as clear to my mind as if it had occurred but yesterday. Punctually at half past eight o'clock Blade-o'-Grass was at my lodgings; she was nervous and very pale, and had evidently had but little sleep during the night. I had never seen her so neatly dressed, and I expressed my pleasure at her appearance.

"Mrs. Silver and Miss Rachel brought the things to me yesterday, Sir," she said. "They are too good to me, Sir; too good."

"It gives them pleasure, Blade-o'-Grass."

"I don't deserve it, Sir."

"You can deserve it. If you could do something for them in return for their kindness, you would?"

"That I would, Sir, and grateful to be able to."

"Come, we are going to walk to their house now. It is a bright Christmas morning, is it not?"

"Yes, Sir; I never remember sich a Christmas as this."

"May it prove the commencement of a better life for you, my dear!"

She turned from me and sobbed quietly. When she recovered, we walked together to Buttercup Square. Then Blade-o'-Grass told me how one Christmas night, very soon after her baby was born, she had stood for more than an hour at the door of Mrs. Silver's house, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, with her dear in her arms, waiting for Mr. Merrywhistle.

"If it 'adn't been for 'im, Sir, we should 'ave been found dead in the snow, baby and me!"

"He is a good man, my dear. He is coming with us this morning. Do not cry. This is a bright day for all of us. Rachel, also, is coming."

"Oh, Sir!" she said, with quivering lips. "What 'ave I done that you should all be so good to me?"

"It will be in your power to repay us all, my dear."

"Will you tell me 'ow, Sir?"

"By-and-by, my dear. The time will come."

We found Rachel with her hat and shawl on, ready to accompany us. She gave Blade-o'-Grass a little present—a silk neck-guard which she had worked, with a jet cross hanging to it. Mr. Merrywhistle came in almost at our heels, rubbing his hands, and saying what a fine morning it was. By a quarter to ten o'clock we four were at the prison gates, where Jimmy Virtue was waiting for us; he had smartened himself up for the occasion, but his face looked worn and aged. Time was telling fast upon him.

The governor of the prison had kindly set apart a private room for us, and there the ceremony was performed. Tom Beadle, when he first entered, looked half shamefaced and half defiant; but the solemnity of the prayers had its effect upon him, and after a time he drew his breath in short gasps, and the words he had to repeat after me came tremblingly from his lips. Jimmy Virtue gave Blade-o'-Grass away. So these two human waifs were joined together according to God's holy ordinance, and were made man and wife.

The last words were said, and I prepared to go to my church. Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass were standing a little apart from us; there was a dazed expression in his face, as if he could not fully realize what had occurred, but it softened as he gazed into Blade-o'-Grass's eyes, and saw the look of full-hearted love with which she was regarding him.

"Are you glad, old woman?" he asked.

"I am very, very 'appy, Tom!" she said.

Then Rachel, as had been arranged between us, asked Tom whether his wife might spend the day with her. He hesitated a moment or two, but the better part of his nature had been awakened, and he could not resist Blade-o'-Grass's pleading look.

"Tom told me," said Blade-o'-Grass, as we walked to church, "that he feels as if he was just born like."

We wanted Jimmy Virtue to spend the day with the Silvers, but he refused, saying that he could pass the time well enough with Jack. "I'm pig-'eaded, you know," he added; "that's what I am; and you ain't goin' to redemption *me!*" And so left us abruptly.

That happy Christmas-day was an era indeed in Blade-o'-Grass's life. It was spent very peacefully; and every one strove in a quiet way to make Blade-o'-Grass feel that she was in the midst of friends. I watched her closely during the day, and I saw that new thoughts were stirring in her mind. In the evening we were sitting together in the parlor; the candles were not lighted, and the conversation was carried on in low tones. Blade-o'-Grass had removed to the window, where she sat, watching the birth of night. I drew a chair close to her.

"Mr. Meadow," she whispered, "I've been thinkin'—"

"Yes, my dear."

"That if me and Tom 'ad 'ad a 'ome like this, we might 'ave been different to what we are." She paused, and I did not speak, for I saw that she was struggling to say something more. "I'm almost sorry I came 'ere, Sir."

"Why, my dear?"

"It's ungrateful of me to say it; but seein' what I've seen 'ere to-day 'll make me miserable to-morrer in Stony Alley."

I made no attempt to console her. I strove to prepare her for the end I had in view.

"This is a happy home indeed, Blade-o'-Grass, and other homes as happy have sprung from it."

I recalled to her mind the circumstance, which Rachel had narrated to me, of Ruth assisting her one day when she was beseeching Tom Beadle to bring home some money, as there was no bread in the cupboard.

"I remember the young lady well, Sir," said Blade-o'-Grass; "and I thought of 'er orfen, though I never set eyes on 'er since then."

"She will be here presently. She is married, and has a baby."

Blade-o'-Grass turned from me trembling, and hid her face in her hands.

"She and her husband have a very happy home not far from where we are sitting. If you had a home like theirs—"

"Oh, Sir! for pity's sake, don't mock me!"

"Listen, my dear. Do you believe that we have your happiness and well-doing very close to our hearts?"

"If I didn't believe it, Sir, I wouldn't be fit to live."

"Then believe this as well. Such a happy home as Ruth's and this may be yours, if you have the courage to make a sacrifice. No, not yet! nor will I tell you what it is until the time comes. But think of it, and believe in it. Even if you doubted me, and Rachel told you it would be a good thing to do—"

She looked lovingly at Rachel.

"I think, Sir, that whatever she told me to do I would do, though I was sure to die the next minute."

"You would be right, Blade-o'-Grass. All that she says and does is sweet and good."

* * * * * *

Ah, Rachel, my wife, how my heart yearned to you then! How tenderly, in the dim twilight of that Holy Day, did my thoughts dwell upon you in purest love! In the solemn pause that ensued I endeavored to strengthen my heart by inward prayer. If the priceless gift of your love were denied to me, I might still hope that your friendship would sweeten my life.

* * * * * *

Blade-o'-Grass laid her hand timidly upon mine, and whispered to me that the prospect I had held out was like heaven to her.

Soon after this, Charley, and Ruth with her baby, came in quietly, and I brought Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass together.

* * * * * *

I see them standing side by side at the window. I see Ruth showing her baby to Blade-o'-Grass. I see Blade-o'-Grass's hands tremble and wander. I see her stretch forth her arms convulsively, and presently I see her sitting on a low stool, with the baby in her lap, sobbing quietly over the child, whose fingers caress her face pityingly as it seems. Ruth sinks upon her knees by the side of the bereaved mother, and their arms are round each other's neck. Night's shadows steal upon them, and wrap them in a peaceful embrace.

XIII.

HIS SOUL IS IN YOUR HANDS TO SAVE AND PURIFY!

I HAD many opportunities of seeing Tom Beadle during his term of imprisonment, and I soon became engaged in the contemplation of a subject which has been studied and pondered over by thousands of earnest minds, but never, I believe, with greater seriousness than at the present time. Here was a man with a man's strength, not unwilling to do his work in the world, if he knew the way to do it. Of a low type he certainly was, but he had grown into his condition through no fault of his own. I penetrated the crust of his character, and I found behind it much material which could be worked to a good end. Gradually I won his confidence, and, in answer to certain remarks of mine affecting his career and character, he answered me in plain terms and with a rough shrewdness which greatly impressed me in his favor. I saw that he was helpless; that, in this country, society could do nothing for him, and that he would be utterly lost if he were left to himself and his own resources. If he were lost, Blade-o'-Grass would be lost also.

"It will be a happy task accomplished," I thought, "if I can save these two from the certain degradation which lies before them—if I can make their after-life happy in an honorable way, and worthy of the respect of men."

Tom Beadle gave me a great proof of his confidence. I asked him to allow Blade-o'-Grass to visit the Silvers and Ruth, and he consented with but little pressure. I took care that she was frequently in one or other of the houses. She liked best to be with Ruth and Ruth's baby, whom she often begged to be allowed to nurse. I said to her one day when she was in Ruth's house, having spent a few happy hours there,

"If you and Tom had such a home as this—"

"It 'd be like 'eaven, Sir," she answered. "Don't speak of it, Sir. It breaks my 'eart to think of it."

But I knew that the plan I had in view would give them such a home, after a time, if they were willing to endure a present sacrifice. I knew it from a letter which I had received from Canada a week after Christmas. The letter was from Richard. I give it in its entirety:

> "My dear Mr. Meadow,—I can now, I think, send you a letter which will give you satisfaction. My dear mother and Ruth and Mary write so much about you that I feel, although I have never seen you, as if I was talking to an old friend; and I feel very proud, I assure you, that you should write to me as you have written, and should place so much confidence in me. I can not express to you how much I have thought of the story you have told me. I can see Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass as plainly as if they stood before me. I can see what they were when they were children (I saw it often, my dear Mr. Meadow, when I was in London), and what they are likely to become, if a helping hand is not stretched forth to save them. You say you place your hopes in me, and that, if it is out of my power to help you, you will not know which way to turn to accomplish what you desire. My dearly beloved mother has written to me also, urging me to try and do something, and I need not say what an incentive that has been to me.
>
> "Now let me tell you. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a farmer, at whose house I spend my day of rest every week. His name is Gibson. Is it letting you into a secret when I tell you that he has a daughter, and that I hope some day, please God!— Well, dear Mr. Meadow, you must finish the uncompleted sentence yourself. And yet I must tell you that I do love her, with all my heart! You are not the first I have told. My dear mother knows all about it.
>
> "Mr. Gibson has a large farm, and employs eighteen hands, who all receive fair wages, and have made comfortable homes for themselves. The Sabbath before last Mr. Gibson was telling me the history of some of the men he has employed, and it suddenly flashed upon me that it was in his power to do what you desire with respect to Tom Beadle.
>
> "Well, dear Mr. Meadow, I told him the story, and I gave him your letters and my dear mother's letters to read. Annie—that is his daughter—was present when I told the story; and knowing how my dear mother's heart and yours are set upon doing this good for poor Blade-o'-Grass, I told it with all my earnestness. When I had finished, Annie was crying, and I myself was very nearly crying too. It would take too long for me to tell all that passed, but Mr. Gibson said he would keep the letters for a week, and that he would consider whether he could do any thing. When I wished Annie good-night, I asked her if she would help me with her father, and she said she would—and said, too, how she wished that she knew you and my dear mother and sisters. You have no idea, Mr. Meadow, what a dear good girl she is.
>
> "I didn't have one good night's rest all the week for thinking of what Mr. Gibson would say, and last Sabbath I went to his house with a trembling heart. We go to the same church, and after church we took a walk. It was a fine cold morning—you should have seen how Annie looked! How I bless the day I came to this beautiful country! Well, but I must not wander from the subject. Then Mr. Gibson told me he had read all your letters more than once, and that he had made up his mind. This is what he says. If Tom Beadle will come out to us, Mr. Gibson will take him into his service, and will give him fair wages. He will work and live on the farm, and Mr. Gibson will do all he can for him. But Mr. Gibson made conditions. Tom Beadle must come out by himself, without Blade-o'-Grass, and must enter into an engagement to work for Mr. Gibson for five years. 'At the end of that time,' Mr. Gibson said, 'he will, if he is industrious, have a home of his own and money in his pocket. Then he can send for his wife, and they will have a good future before them.' Mr. Gibson put it this way. 'Tom Beadle,' he says, 'must do something to show that he is worthy of the confidence that is to be placed in him; he has to grow out of old bad ways into new good ones. Give him something to work for,' said Mr. Gibson, 'something to look forward to, and the chances of his turning out right are more in his favor.' This, speaking briefly, is what Mr. Gibson is willing to do; and I know that Annie has been doing all she could to persuade him. Well, dear Mr. Meadow, that is how it stands. If Tom Beadle will come over, there is a home for him at once, and there is honest good work, with fair wages, for him to commence at, right away. But in the mean time, what will Blade-o'-Grass do? I think I know. My dear mother and you will look after her.
>
> "I hope you will be satisfied and pleased with this. I am sure it will turn out right. *I* will make a friend of Tom Beadle, and he shall not go wrong, if we can help it. Annie will help too, I am sure. I do not write any news about myself; dear mother will tell you all about me. I am getting along famously. With affectionate esteem, my dear Mr. Meadow, believe me to be most faithfully yours,
>
> "Richard Silver."

I deemed it wise not to disclose the contents of this letter to Blade-o'-Grass until the day before Tom Beadle was to come out of prison. I had persuaded her to spend a few hours of that day with Ruth, and when I went to Ruth's house in the evening I found that Blade-o'-Grass had gone to her home in Stony Alley. About nine o'clock in the night I went to her room, to play the great stake upon which her future rested, and as I walked through the labyrinth of narrow thoroughfares which led to Stony Alley, I prayed fervently that my mission would be successful. Blade-o'-Grass's room was very clean and tidy; she had been busy making preparations for the return of Tom Beadle. When I entered, her work was done, and she was sitting with her head resting on her hand.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear," I said; "I have come to have a long chat with you. You have been busy, I see."

"Yes," she said; "Tom's comin' 'ome to-morrer."

I noticed that there was sadness in her tone.

"You are glad?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, of course I'm glad. But I've been thinkin' of a good many things. I've been thinkin' of baby, and—and—"

She bit her lips, as if that effort were necessary to restrain the expression of what was in her mind.

"You and I must speak plainly to-night, my dear. We are real friends, are we not?"

"Oh yes, Sir; it 'd be worse than wicked for me to 'ide any think from you, arter what you've done for me."

"Well, then, tell me what you've been thinking of."

"I 'ardly know 'ow to tell it, Sir. My thoughts seem as if they was turnin' agin myself. I see that I must ha' been goin' on wrong all my life, and that Tom's been doin' the same. And my 'eart 's fit to break, when I think it can't be altered now."

"It can be altered, my child."

She looked at me imploringly.

"You've said somethin' like that afore, Sir; but it's all dark to me. Tom 'll come 'ome to-morrer, and things 'll go on in the old way, and per'aps he'll be took up agin before long—"

She could not proceed for her tears.

"You see, my dear, that the life he is leading is wrong."

"I see it, Sir—I see it. It 'd be better, arter what you've told me, if Tom and me was to die to-morrer!"

"Our lives are not in our own hands, my dear. What has been done in the past has been done in ignorance, and the shame of it can be wiped away. It *is* shame, my dear. Place yourself and Tom by the side of Ruth and *her* husband."

She felt the contrast bitterly, and she cried:

"Don't, Sir, don't! For the Lord's sake, don't!"

"Place your home by the side of theirs. See the happy future that lies before them, and think of what lies before you, if, as you have said, things go on with you in the same old way."

She covered her face with her hands. I was striking her hard, but I knew it was necessary for the sacrifice I was about to call upon her to make. I drew a picture of the two homes. I placed children in them, and contrasted their appearance, their lives, their chances of happiness. I did not spare her; I spoke with all my strength and earnestness. Suddenly she interrupted me with wild looks and in a wild tone:

"What are you tellin' me all this for?"

"Because it is in your power to choose between them," I replied. "Not only for yourself, but for Tom. His future is in your hands to shape to a good end, if you have the courage to make a sacrifice. Nay, not only his future in this world—his soul is in your hands to save and purify!"

She parted the hair from her eyes, and gazed at me as if she were in a dream.

"Will you do this? Will you save your husband from the net of crime and shame in which he is entangled?"

"Will I do it?" she cried, in a tone of wonder. "Can you arks me? Show me the way!"

I did. I told her the end I had been working for. I read Richard's letter to her, and dilated upon the prospect it held out.

"There is no chance for Tom here," I said; "there is in that new land, and with such friends as he will have about him. I believe it is in your power to persuade him to go. He loves you, and would do much for you. The separation will not be a very long one. Five years will soon pass, and then you will both be young. While he is working out the commencement of a good and better life there, you can stop with Mrs. Silver; she bids me offer you a home. Will you make the sacrifice?—a sacrifice that in your after-life you will bless us for persuading you to make. My dear sister"—she bowed her head to her breast convulsively as I thus addressed her—"it will be your salvation and his. All our hearts are set upon it for your good and his. I know how you will suffer in parting from him, but the love's sacrifice that you will make for him will be a truer test of love than all you have hitherto done."

She was silent for a long, long time before she spoke.

"When will he 'ave to go, Sir?"

"A ship sails from Liverpool the day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"It is best so. Every hour that he passes here after he is out of prison is an hour of peril to you both. I will myself accompany him to Liverpool to-morrow. Let him commence his baptism at once, and in the new land work out his regeneration. He will thank you for it by-and-by. Shall I tell you what I see in a few years from this present moment, my dear?"

"If you please, Sir," she said, tears streaming down her face.

"I see you and Tom in the new land living happily in your own little home. I see you standing at the door in the morning looking after him, as he goes to his work, and he turning round to smile upon you. I see him, when he is out of your sight, exchanging friendly greetings with men whose respect he has earned; no longer ashamed to look men in the face, my dear, but walking with head erect, without fear, as one can do who earns his bread honestly. I see him coming home at night, when his day's work is done, and you, perhaps, reading to him—"

"Reading, Sir!"

"Yes, my dear, reading. Reading a letter, perhaps, that Mrs. Silver, or Ruth, or Mr. Merrywhistle has written to you and Tom. It will come—you will learn while he is away. I see your cupboard well stocked, your house prettily furnished, yourselves comfortably clothed. Perhaps Richard—Ruth's brother—and his wife come in to see you, and you talk together of the dear ones at home, bound to you as to him, my dear, by links of love. I hear you thank God before you sleep for all His goodness to you. I see you helping some poor child who has been left orphaned and helpless as you were left—"

"Oh, Sir!"

"It will come, my dear, if you live, as surely as we are speaking together at this minute. I see you, perhaps, with a baby in your arms, like the dear one who has passed away from you—"

She caught my hand hysterically, and I paused. I saw that my work was done. I will not set down here what she said when she was calmer. When I left her she was animated by a high resolve, and I knew that she would not falter.

"What time will you be 'ere in the mornin', Sir?" she asked, as she stood with me at the street-door in Stony Alley.

"At twelve o'clock, my dear."

"Tom 'll be ready to go with you then, Sir. It 'll 'urt 'im to leave me, Sir, but he'll do it for my sake. I know 'im, Sir!"

"Good-night, my dear; God bless you!"

"And you, Sir," she said, kissing my hand.

I was punctual to my appointment on the following day. Blade-o'-Grass heard my step on the stairs, and came into the passage to meet me.

"Tom's inside, Sir."

I looked into her face, and saw in the anguish expressed there the marks of the conflict she had passed through.

"He's ready to go with you, Sir."

Tom Beadle's face bore marks of trouble also, and he evidently had not made up his mind whether he should receive me as a friend or an enemy.

"I feel as if I was bein' transported," he said, in a dogged manner.

"You will live to thank us, Tom," I said, as I held out my hand to him. He hesitated a moment or two before he took it, and then he gripped it fiercely.

"Look 'ere!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Is it all goin' to turn out as you've told 'er? Take your oath on it! Say, May I drop down dead if it won't all come right!"

"As surely as I believe in a better life than this, so surely do I believe that this is your only chance of bestowing happiness upon the woman who loves you with her whole heart and soul."

"I wouldn't do it but for 'er!" he said, and turned to Blade-o'-Grass. She crept into his arms, and clasped him to her faithful heart, and kissed him again and again. I went into the passage, and I heard her tell him, in a voice broken by sobs, how she loved him, and would love him, and him only, till death, and after death, and how she would count the minutes while he was away, till the blessed time came when they would be together again. Powerful as was her influence over him, it would not have been perfect if he had not had some good and tender qualities in his nature. I felt that the words that were passing between them in this crisis of their lives were sacred, and I went down stairs to the street-door. I found Mr. Merrywhistle there.

"I have a cab waiting for you," he said, "and a box."

"A box!"

"With some clothes in it for Tom Beadle, my dear Sir. It will make a good impression upon him. And here are two sovereigns for him."

"Give them to him yourself, Mr. Merrywhistle," I said; "he will be down presently."

Tom Beadle joined us in a few minutes.

"Mr. Merrywhistle has brought a box of clothes for you, Tom," I said; "and he has something else for you also, which I wish him to give you himself."

"It's only a matter of a couple of sovereigns, Tom," said Mr. Merrywhistle, stammering as if he were committing an act of meanness instead of an act of kindness. "They may come in useful to you when you land in Canada."

Tom took the money and thanked him; then said that he had forgotten to say something to Blade-o'-Grass, and ran up stairs. I learned afterward that he had given her the money, and had insisted, despite her entreaties, that she should take it. He wished Mr. Merrywhistle good-by, and would not rest content until he had found Jimmy Virtue, to shake hands with him.

"Good-by, Mr. Wirtue," said Tom, taking him aside. "Look 'ere; am I doin' right?"

"You never done a righter thing," said Jimmy; "and you ain't got a spark o' manly feelin' in you if you ain't bustin' with gratitood to Mr. Meadow for the chance he's givin' you. If I was a young man I'd go out to Candia myself." (Which was Jimmy's way of pronouncing Canada.)

"Shall I ever see you agin, Mr. Wirtue?"

"You'll never set morchel eyes on me agin, Tom, once you're on the ship. My time's comin'.—I 'ad that dream about my grave agin last night, Mr. Meadow.—No, Tom, you can say good-by for allus to old Jimmy!"

I did not leave Tom Beadle until the ship sailed. We were together for many hours, and the first thing he said to me was to ask my pardon for ever doubting me. He related to me the whole story of his life, and asked me once,

"Won't the old devil break out in me when I'm on the other side o' the water?"

"Not if you are strong, Tom—not if you keep your thoughts on Blade-o'-Grass, and think of the perfect happiness you can bestow upon her by keeping in the right path."

"I'll try to, Sir. No man's ever tried 'arder than I mean to."

When I thought of the friends that were waiting on the other side of the Atlantic to help him and encourage him and keep him straight, I was satisfied that all would turn out well.

I returned to London with a light heart, rejoicing that so good a task had been successfully accomplished. It was nearly nine o'clock at night when I reached home. I lit my lamp, and saw upon my table a large envelope addressed to me in a lawyer's handwriting. I opened the letter, and found that it contained a sealed packet and the following letter, dated from Chancery Lane:

> "SIR,—In accordance with instructions received from our late client, Mr. James Fairhaven, we forward to you the inclosed packet, seven days after his death. We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
>
> "WILSON, SON, & BAXTER.
>
> "TO ANDREW MEADOW, ESQ."

The news of the death of my benefactor and old friend, Mr. Fairhaven, shocked and grieved me. It was a sorrowful thought that he had parted from me in anger. If I had known of his illness, I am sure I should have gone to him, despite his prohibition. But I did not know, and even the consolation of following to the grave the clay of the man who had so generously befriended me had been denied to me. I passed a few minutes in sorrowful reflection, and then took up the inclosed packet. It was addressed, in his own handwriting, to Andrew Meadow, and was very bulky. The manuscript it contained was headed,

"Mr. Fairhaven's last words to Andrew Meadow."

It was with a beating heart I prepared to read what he had written.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HORSE BIT.

THE question of the bit, and of the hand that rules the bit, underlies the consideration of the whole subject of man's dominion over the horse. The intelligence of mankind has hitherto invented but two principal forms of bits—the snaffle, the simple piece of iron which lies across the mouth, subject to endless modifications (such as being twisted, jointed, and so forth), and the curb bit, a more powerful implement, which has likewise undergone innumerable variations. The curb bit is an adaptation of the principle of the lever, and the lengthening of the cheek-piece allows a very powerful pressure to be exercised upon the jaw of the horse. The snaffle is, so to say, a natural bit, and the curb an artificial one. The snaffle was used by our ancestors and by the ancient Greeks; the curb is an Asiatic invention, and was probably brought into Europe with the Moors. In the famous mosaic found at Pompeii, representing, as is supposed, a battle between the Greeks and Persians, and which, at any rate, is the picture of a battle between Europeans and Asiatics, the Eastern horsemen ride with curbs, and the Europeans with snaffles. The difference in the bit modifies the whole style of riding; and as there are two sorts of bits, so are there two quite different styles or schools of horsemanship, which may be called the Eastern and the Western styles. The type of the Eastern is best seen in the modern Bedouin Arab, with his short stirrups, peaked saddle, and severe bit; and the Western type in its simplest form is beautifully exemplified in the Elgin marbles, where naked men bestride bare-backed horses. To ride after this fashion is an athletic exercise: the strength of the man is set against the strength of the horse with little adventitious aid. The rider restrains the horse's impetuosity by the sheer force of his arm, and he maintains a seat on his back by exercising the muscles of his legs. It is the equitation of athletes and of heroes; but it is clear that the balanced seat of the Arab, and the more complete command over his horse which follows from the greater security of his seat, would make him infinitely more formidable in war than the European, in spite of the superior strength and size of the latter. History teaches us how the cavalry of the Saracens—small men on small horses—rode down the Christian horsemen till they learned to ride with the bits and saddles and lances of the Moslem cavalry. The invention of the curb bit necessitated the stirrup, for a man sitting upon a bare-backed horse is forced to bear, at times, more or less heavily upon the bridle; and if, so riding, he were using a curb bit, and he were to lean any part of his weight upon it, his horse would stop, or would rear, or would flinch. The ancient Greeks and Romans are believed not to have known the use of stirrups. They are, indeed, said not to have been discovered till the fifth century of our era. This, if it is true, would apply only to Europe. In the East they were used many centuries before. The earliest representation of one I know is in the above-mentioned mosaic, where the horse of a dismounted trooper in Oriental costume is drawn with clearly indicated stirrups: the Greek horsemen in the mosaic are without them.

CRIME IN FRANCE IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

FALSE weights and measures were an abomination unto the law-makers of the fourteenth century. In 1365 a corn merchant of Douai was sentenced to the gallows for using two sets of measures, the one to buy, the other to sell withal. The sequel is pithily told—"Tantost le jugement rendu, tantost pendu." French manufacturers in the time of Louis XIV. were evidently less honorable men than their representatives in the present day; for in 1670 it was found necessary to promulgate a royal ordinance, countersigned by Colbert, according to which all defective manufactures were to be exposed at a height of nine feet from the ground, with a placard inscribed with the name and surname of the weaver and his employer. At the expiration of eight-and-forty hours the condemned goods were taken down by the guilty parties and cut to pieces, burned, or simply confiscated, as the case might be. For a second offense a public reprimand was administered; and for a third, the offenders were exposed, along with their wares, for two hours, bound to a post by an iron collar. Poachers were put in the pillory, and afterward banished from the district. In the fifteenth century, if a husband accepted a thrashing from his wife, he was led through the town upon the back of a donkey; but it does seem rather hard that, in the absence of the real Simon Pure, the atonement should be exacted from a neighbor. This, however, is what happened in 1427, when a man named Arnault received, without returning it, a box on the ears from his wife; but, as he could not be found when wanted, his neighbor had to expiate his domestic cowardice. Bigamy was punished by death; and if a man had indulged in more than two wives at a time, he was first exposed to public derision with as many distaffs hanging from his neck as he had wives living. Adultery was dealt with in different ways at different epochs. In 1552 Verrier de Montbrison, convicted of illicit intercourse with Martine, wife of Jehan Galliot, was sentenced to pay 200 livres to the king and 400 to the injured husband, to perpetual banishment from the kingdom, and his property was confiscated. The faithless wife was condemned to be confined in a nunnery for two years, during which time her husband was at liberty to take her back if he thought fit to do so. But if, at the close of this period of probation, he still refused to have any thing to do with her, she was to be stripped naked and whipped with rods by the prioress and certain of the sisters, after which her hair was to be cut off, and herself constrained to live as a nun the rest of her days, forfeiting her dowry and all reversions to which she might otherwise have succeeded. Her husband, however, had to pay year by year to the convent the sum of sixty livres parisis for her maintenance.

The houses of traitors were usually pulled down or burned, but the dwellings of convicted murderers were likewise destroyed. The houses of insolvents were marked by the outer door being taken off its hinges; and the Abbé of Compiègne was authorized to remove both doors and windows from the houses of those who were backward in paying their tithes and imposts. The residences of persons who were found guilty of holding communications with a public enemy were razed to the ground. A more terrible punishment naturally awaited commanders of towns who surrendered the places intrusted to their custody before actual necessity could be pleaded in their defense. Thus, in 1591, the Viscount de Comblay was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to the ordinary place of execution, and there hanged on the gallows, for having yielded Château-Thierry to the king's enemies: the viscount prudently kept out of the way. Again, in 1636, Baron du Bec, Governor of La Capelle, was found guilty of having cowardly surrendered that place, and was condemned to be torn to pieces by four horses, the several limbs to be hanged from four gibbets on the roads of Picardy, and his head fixed on a pike and set up over the Porte St. Denis. A similar doom for similar misconduct was denounced against Saint-Leger, Governor of Le Castelet. In both cases, however, the sentence was carried out upon an effigy. Upward of two centuries prior to Dr. Guillotin's experiments the instrument of death in Toulouse, and generally throughout Languedoc, was made on the principle of the Maiden, still exhibited in Edinburgh, and which did service in the time of the Regent Murray. It consisted of two upright timbers, between which was fitted a weighted axe that was let down suddenly and irresistibly upon the neck of the victim. The modern guillotine was tested for the first time on the 15th April, 1792, at Bicêtre, the subject being a human corpse.

(Continued from No. 886, page 1148.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE last book closed with the success of the Parisian sortie on the 30th of November, to be followed by the terrible engagements, no less honorable to French valor, on the 2d of December. There was the sanguine belief that deliverance was at hand; that Trochu would break through the circle of iron, and effect that junction with the army of Aurelles de Paladine which would compel the Germans to raise the investment—belief rudely shaken by Ducrot's proclamation of the 4th, to explain the recrossing of the Marne, and the abandonment of the positions conquered, but not altogether dispelled till Von Moltke's letter to Trochu, on the 5th, announcing the defeat of the Army of the Loire and the recapture of Orleans. Even then the Parisians did not lose hope of succor; and even after the desperate and fruitless sortie against Le Bourget, on the 21st, it was not without witticisms on defeat and predictions of triumph that Winter and Famine settled sullenly on the city.

Our narrative re-opens with the last period of the siege.

It was during these dreadful days that if the vilest and the most hideous aspects of the Parisian population showed themselves at the worst, so all its loveliest, its noblest, its holiest characteristics—unnoticed by ordinary observers in the prosperous days of the capital—became conspicuously prominent. The higher classes, including the remnant of the old *noblesse*, had during the whole siege exhibited qualities in notable contrast to those assigned them by the enemies of aristocracy. Their sons had been foremost among those soldiers who never calumniated a leader, never fled before a foe; their women had been among the most zealous and the most tender nurses of the ambulances they had founded and served; their houses had been freely opened, whether to the families exiled from the suburbs, or in supplement to the hospitals. The amount of relief they afforded unostentatiously, out of means that shared the general failure of accustomed resource, when the famine commenced, would be scarcely credible if stated. Admirable, too, were the fortitude and resignation of the genuine Parisian *bourgeoisie*—the thrifty tradesfolk and small *rentiers*—that class in which, to judge of its timidity when opposed to a mob, courage is not the most conspicuous virtue. Courage became so now—courage to bear hourly increasing privation, and to suppress every murmur of suffering that would discredit their patriotism, and invoke "peace at any price." It was on this class that the calamities of the siege now pressed the most heavily. The stagnation of trade, and the stoppage of the rents, in which they had invested their savings, reduced many of them to actual want. Those only of their number who obtained the pay of one and a half francs a day as National Guards could be sure to escape from starvation. But this pay had already begun to demoralize the receivers. Scanty for supply of food, it was ample for supply of drink. And drunkenness, hitherto rare in that rank of the Parisians, became a prevalent vice, aggravated in the case of a National Guard when it wholly unfitted him for the duties he undertook, especially such National Guards as were raised from the most turbulent democracy of the working class.

But of that population there were two sections in which the most beautiful elements of our human nature were most touchingly manifest—the women and the priesthood, including in the latter denomination all the various brotherhoods and societies which religion formed and inspired.

It was on the 27th of December that Frederic Lemercier stood gazing wistfully on a military report affixed to a blank wall, which stated that "the enemy, worn out by a resistance of over one hundred days," had commenced the bombardment. Poor Frederic was sadly altered; he had escaped the Prussian guns, but not the Parisian winter—the severest known for twenty years. He was one of the many frozen at their posts—brought back to the ambulance with Fox in his bosom trying to keep him warm. He had only lately been sent forth as convalescent—ambulances were too crowded to retain a patient longer than absolutely needful—and had been hunger-pinched and frost-pinched ever since. The luxurious Frederic had still, somewhere or other, a capital yielding above three thousand a year, and of which he could not now realize a franc, the title-deeds to various investments being in the hands of Duplessis—the most trustworthy of friends, the most upright of men, but who was in Bretagne, and could not be got at. And the time had come at Paris when you could not get trust for a pound of horse-flesh, or a daily supply of fuel. And Frederic Lemercier, who had long since spent the 2000 francs borrowed from

Alain (not ignobly, but somewhat ostentatiously, in feasting any acquaintance who wanted a feast), and who had sold to any one who could afford to speculate on such dainty luxuries, clocks, bronzes, amber-mouthed pipes—all that had made the envied garniture of his bachelor's apartment—Frederic Lemercier was, so far as the task of keeping body and soul together, worse off than any English pauper who can apply to the Union. Of course he might have claimed his half-pay of thirty sous as a National Guard. But he little knows the true Parisian who imagines a seigneur of the Chaussée d'Antin, the oracle of those with whom he lived, and one who knew life so well that he had preached prudence to a seigneur of the fabourg like Alain de Rochebriant, stooping to apply for the wages of thirty sous. Rations were only obtained by the wonderful patience of women, who had children to whom they were both saints and martyrs. The hours, the weary hours, one had to wait before one could get one's place on the line for the distribution of that atrocious black bread defeated men—defeated most wives if only for husbands—were defied only by mothers and daughters. Literally speaking, Lemercier was starving. Alain had been badly wounded in the sortie of the 21st, and was laid up in an ambulance. Even if he could have been got at, he had probably nothing left to bestow upon Lemercier.

Lemercier gazed on the announcement of the bombardment—and the Parisian gayety, which some French historian of the siege calls *douce philosophie*, lingering on him still, he said, audibly, turning round to any stranger who heard: "Happiest of mortals that we are! Under the present government we are never warned of any thing disagreeable that can happen; we are only told of it when it has happened, and then as rather pleasant than otherwise. I get up. I meet a civil *gendarme*. 'What is that firing? which of our provincial armies is taking Prussia in the rear?' 'Monsieur,' says the *gendarme*, 'it is the Prussian Krupp guns.' I look at the proclamations, and my fears vanish—my heart is relieved. I read that the bombardment is a sure sign that the enemy is worn out."

Some of the men grouped round Frederic ducked their heads in terror; others, who knew that the thunder-bolt launched from the plateau of Avron would not fall on the pavements of Paris, laughed and joked. But in front, with no sign of terror, no sound of laughter, stretched, moving inch by inch, the female procession toward the bakery in which the morsel of bread for their infants was doled out.

"Hist, *mon ami*," said a deep voice beside Lemercier. "Look at those women, and do not wound their ears by a jest."

Lemercier, offended by that rebuke, though too susceptible to good emotions not to recognize its justice, tried with feeble fingers to turn up his moustache, and to turn a defiant crest upon the rebuker. He was rather startled to see the tall martial form at his side, and to recognize Victor de Mauléon. "Don't you think, M. Lemercier," resumed the Vicomte, half sadly, "that these women are worthy of better husbands and sons than are commonly found among the soldiers whose uniform we wear?"

"The National Guard! You ought not to sneer at them, Vicomte—you whose troop covered itself with glory on the great days of Villiers and Champigny—you in whose praise even the grumblers of Paris became eloquent, and in whom a future Marshal of France is foretold."

"But, alas! more than half of my poor troop was left on the battle-field, or is now wrestling for mangled remains of life in the ambulances. And the new recruits with which I took the field on the 21st are not likely to cover themselves with glory, or insure to their commander the baton of a marshal."

"Ay, I heard when I was in the hospital that you had publicly shamed some of these recruits, and declared that you would rather resign than lead them again to battle."

"True; and at this moment, for so doing, I am the man most hated by the rabble who supplied those recruits."

The men, while thus conversing, had moved slowly on, and were now in front of a large *café*, from the interior of which came the sound of loud bravos and clappings of hands. Lemercier's curiosity was excited. "For what can be that applause?" he said. "Let us look in and see."

The room was thronged. In the distance, on a small raised platform, stood a girl dressed in faded theatrical finery, making her obeisance to the crowd.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Frederic; "can I trust my eyes? Surely that is the once superb Julie: has she been dancing here?"

One of the loungers, evidently belonging to the same world as Lemercier, overheard the question, and answered, politely, "No, monsieur: she has been reciting verses, and really declaims very well, considering it is not her vocation. She has given us extracts from Victor Hugo and De Musset, and crowned all with a patriotic hymn by Gustave Rameau—her old lover, if gossip be true."

Meanwhile De Mauléon, who at first had glanced over the scene with his usual air of calm and cold indifference, became suddenly struck by the girl's beautiful face, and gazed on it with a look of startled surprise.

"Who and what did you say that poor fair creature is, M. Lemercier?"

"She is a Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin, and was a very popular *coryphée*. She has hereditary right to be a good dancer as the daughter of a once more famous ornament of the ballet, *la belle* Léonie—whom you must have seen in your young days."

"Of course. Léonie—she married a M. Surville, a silly *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who earned the hatred of Paris by taking her off the stage. So that is her daughter! I see no likeness to her mother—much handsomer. Why does she call herself Caumartin?"

"Oh," said Frederic, "a melancholy but trite story. Léonie was left a widow, and died in want. What could the poor young daughter do? She found a rich protector who had influence to get her an appointment in the ballet: and there she did as most girls so circumstanced do—appeared under an assumed name, which she has since kept."

"I understand," said Victor, compassionately. "Poor thing! she has quitted the platform, and is coming this way, evidently to speak to you. I saw her eyes brighten as she caught sight of your face."

Lemercier attempted a languid air of modest self-complacency as the girl now approached him. "*Bonjour*, M. Frederic! *Ah, mon Dieu!* how thin you have grown! You have been ill?"

"The hardships of a military life, mademoiselle. Ah, for the *beaux jours* and the peace we insisted on destroying under the empire which we destroyed for listening to us! But you thrive well, I trust. I have seen you better dressed, but never in greater beauty."

The girl blushed as she replied, "Do you really think as you speak?"

"I could not speak more sincerely if I lived in the legendary House of Glass."

The girl clutched his arm, and said, in suppressed tones, "Where is Gustave?"

"Gustave Rameau? I have no idea. Do you never see him now?"

"Never—perhaps I never shall see him again; but when you do meet him, say that Julie owes to him her livelihood. An honest livelihood, monsieur. He taught her to love verses—told her how to recite them. I am engaged at this *café*—you will find me here the same hour every day, in case—in case— You are good and kind, and will come and tell me that Gustave is well and happy even if he forgets me. *Au revoir*. Stop; you do not look, my poor Frederic, as if—as if— Pardon me, Monsieur Lemercier, is there any thing I can do? Will you condescend to borrow from me? I am in funds."

Lemercier at that offer was nearly moved to tears. Famished though he was, he could not, however, have touched that girl's earnings.

"You are an angel of goodness, mademoiselle! Ah, how I envy Gustave Rameau! No, I don't want aid. I am always a—*rentier*."

"*Bien!* and if you see Gustave you will not forget?"

"Rely on me.—Come away," he said to De Mauléon. "I don't want to hear that girl repeat the sort of bombast the poets indite nowadays. It is fustian; and that girl may have a brain of feather, but she has a heart of gold."

"True," said Victor, as they regained the street. "I overheard what she said to you. What an incomprehensible thing is a woman! how more incomprehensible still is a woman's love! Ah, pardon me. I must leave you; I see in the procession a poor woman known to me in better days."

De Mauléon walked toward the woman he spoke of—one of the long procession to the bakery—a child clinging to her robe. A pale grief-worn woman, still young, but with the weariness of age on her face, and the shadow of death on her child's.

"I think I see Madame Monnier," said De Mauléon, softly.

She turned and looked at him drearily. A year ago she would have blushed if addressed by a stranger in a name not lawfully hers.

"Well," she said, in hollow accents broken by cough; "I don't know you, monsieur."

"Poor woman," he resumed, walking beside her as she moved slowly on, while the eyes of other women in the procession stared at him hungrily. "And your child looks ill, too. Is it your youngest?"

"My only one! The others are in Père la Chaise. There are but few children alive in my street now. God has been very merciful, and taken them to Himself."

De Mauléon recalled the scene of a neat, comfortable apartment, and the healthful, happy children at play on the floor. The mortality among the little ones, especially in the *quartier* occupied by the working classes, had of late been terrible. The want of food, of fuel, the intense severity of the weather, had swept them off as by a pestilence.

"And Monnier—what of him? No doubt he is a National Guard, and has his pay."

The woman made no answer, but hung down her head. She was stifling a sob. Till then her eyes seemed to have exhausted the last source of tears.

"He lives still?" continued Victor, pityingly; "he is not wounded?"

"No; he is well—in health, thank you kindly, monsieur."

"But his pay is not enough to help you, and of course he can get no work. Excuse me if I stopped you. It is because I owed Armand Monnier a little debt for work, and I am ashamed to say that it quite escaped my memory in these terrible events. Allow me, madame, to pay it to you;" and he thrust his purse into her hand. "I think this contains about the sum I owed; if more or less, we will settle the difference later. Take care of yourself."

He was turning away, when the woman caught hold of him.

"Stay, monsieur. May Heaven bless you!—but—but—tell me what name I am to give to Armand. I can't think of any one who owed him money. It must have been before that dreadful strike, the beginning of all our woes. Ah, if it were allowed to curse any one, I fear my last breath would not be a prayer."

"You would curse the strike, or the master who did not forgive Armand's share in it?"

"No, no—the cruel man who talked him into it—into all that has changed the best workman, the kindest heart—the—the—" Again her voice died in sobs.

"And who was that man?" asked De Mauléon, falteringly.

"His name was Lebeau. If you were a poor man, I should say, 'Shun him.'"

"I have heard of the name you mention; but if we mean the same person, Monnier can not have met him lately. He has not been in Paris since the siege."

"I suppose not, the coward! He ruined us—us who were so happy before; and then, as Armand says, cast us away as instruments he had done with. But—but if you do know him, and do see him again, tell him—tell him not to complete his wrong—not to bring murder on Armand's soul. For Armand isn't what he was—and has become—oh, so violent! I dare not take this money without saying who gave it. He would not take money as alms from an aristocrat. Hush! he beat me for taking money from the good Monsieur Raoul de Vandemar—my poor Armand beat me!"

De Mauléon shuddered. "Say that it is from a customer whose rooms he decorated in his spare hours on his own account before the strike—Monsieur ——." Here he uttered indistinctly some unpronounceable name, and hurried off, soon lost as the streets grew darker. Amidst groups of a higher order of men—military men, nobles, *ci-devant* deputies—among such ones his name stood very high. Not only his bravery in the recent sorties had been signal, but a strong belief in his military talents had become prevalent; and conjoined with the name he had before established as a political writer, and the remembrance of the vigor and sagacity with which he had opposed the war, he seemed certain, when peace and order became re-established, of a brilliant position and career in a future administration: not less because he had steadfastly kept aloof from the existing government, which it was rumored, rightly or erroneously, that he had been solicited to join, and from every combination of the various democratic or discontented factions.

Quitting these more distinguished associates, he took his way alone toward the ramparts. The day was closing; the thunders of the cannon were dying down.

He passed by a wine-shop round which were gathered many of the worst specimens of the *Moblots* and National Guards, mostly drunk, and loudly talking, in vehement abuse of generals and officers and commissariat. By one of the men, as he came under the glare of a petroleum lamp (there was gas no longer in the dismal city), he was recognized as the commander who had dared to insist on discipline, and disgrace honest patriots who claimed to themselves the sole option between fight and flight. The man was one of those patriots—one of the new recruits whom Victor had shamed and dismissed for mutiny and cowardice. He made a drunken plunge at his former chief, shouting, "*A bas l'aristo!* Comrades, this is the *coquin* De Mauléon who is paid by the Prussians for getting us killed: *à la lanterne!*" "*A la lanterne!*" stammered and hiccuped others of the group; but they did not stir to execute their threat. Dimly seen as the stern face and sinewy form of the threatened man was by their drowsied eyes, the name of De Mauléon, the man without fear of a foe, and without ruth for a mutineer, sufficed to protect him from outrage; and with a slight movement of his arm that sent his denouncer reeling against a lamp-post, De Mauléon passed on—when another man, in the uniform of a National Guard, bounded from the door of the tavern, crying, with a loud voice, "Who said De Mauléon?—let me look at him." And Victor, who had strode on with slow lion-like steps, cleaving the crowd, turned, and saw before him in the gleaming light a face in which the bold, frank, intelligent aspect of former days was lost in a wild, reckless, savage expression—the face of Armand Monnier.

"Ha! are you really Victor de Mauléon?" asked Monnier, not fiercely, but under his breath—in that sort of stage whisper which is the natural utterance of excited men under the mingled influence of potent drink and hoarded rage.

"Certainly; I am Victor de Mauléon."

"And you were in command of the —— company of the National Guard on the 30th of November at Champigny and Villiers?"

"I was."

"And you shot with your own hand an officer belonging to another company who refused to join yours?"

"I shot a cowardly soldier who ran away from the enemy, and seemed a ringleader of other runaways; and in so doing, I saved from dishonor the best part of his comrades."

"The man was no coward. He was an enlightened Frenchman, and worth fifty of such *aristos* as you; and he knew better than his officers that he was to be led to an idle slaughter. Idle—I say idle. What was France the better, how was Paris the safer, for the senseless butchery of that day? You mutinied against a wiser general than Saint Trochu when you murdered that mutineer."

"Armand Monnier, you are not quite sober to-night, or I would argue with you that question. But you, no doubt, are brave. How and why do you take the part of a runaway?"

"How and why? He was my brother, and you own you murdered him: my brother—the sagest head in Paris. If I had listened to him, I should not be—*bah!*—no matter now what I am."

"I could not know he was your brother; but if he had been mine I would have done the same."

Here Victor's lip quivered, for Monnier griped him by the arm, and looked him in the face with wild stony eyes.

"I recollect that voice! Yet—yet—you say you are a noble, a Vicomte—Victor de Mauléon! and you shot my brother!"

Here he passed his left hand rapidly over his forehead. The fumes of wine still clouded his mind, but rays of intelligence broke through the cloud. Suddenly he said, in a loud and calm and natural voice,

"M. le Vicomte, you accost me as Armand Monnier. Pray, how do you know my name?"

"How should I not know it? I have looked into the meetings of the 'clubs *rouges*.' I have heard you speak, and naturally asked your name. *Bon soir*, M. Monnier! When you reflect in cooler moments, you will see that if patriots excuse Brutus for first dishonoring and then executing his own son, an officer charged to defend his country may be surely pardoned for slaying a runaway to whom he was no relation, when in slaying he saved the man's name and kindred from dishonor, unless, indeed, you insist on telling the world why he was slain."

"I know your voice—I know it. Every sound becomes clearer to my ear. And if—"

But while Monnier thus spoke, De Mauléon had hastened on. Monnier looked round, saw him gone, but did not pursue. He was just intoxicated enough to know that his footsteps were not steady, and he turned back to the wine-shop and asked surlily for more wine.

Could you have seen him then as he leaned, swinging himself to and fro, against the wall—had you known the man two years ago, you would have been a brute if you felt disgust. You could only have felt that profound compassion with which we gaze on a great royalty fallen. For the grandest of all royalties is that which takes its crown from Nature, needing no accident of birth. And Nature made the mind of Armand Monnier king-like; endowed it with lofty scorn of meanness and falsehood and dishonor, with warmth and tenderness of heart which had glow enough to spare from ties of kindred and hearth and home to extend to those distant circles of humanity over which royal natures would fain extend the shadow of their sceptre.

How had the royalty of the man's nature fallen thus? Royalty rarely falls from its own constitutional faults. It falls when, ceasing to be royal, it becomes subservient to bad advisers. And what bad advisers, always appealing to his better qualities and so enlisting his worser, had discrowned this mechanic?

> "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"

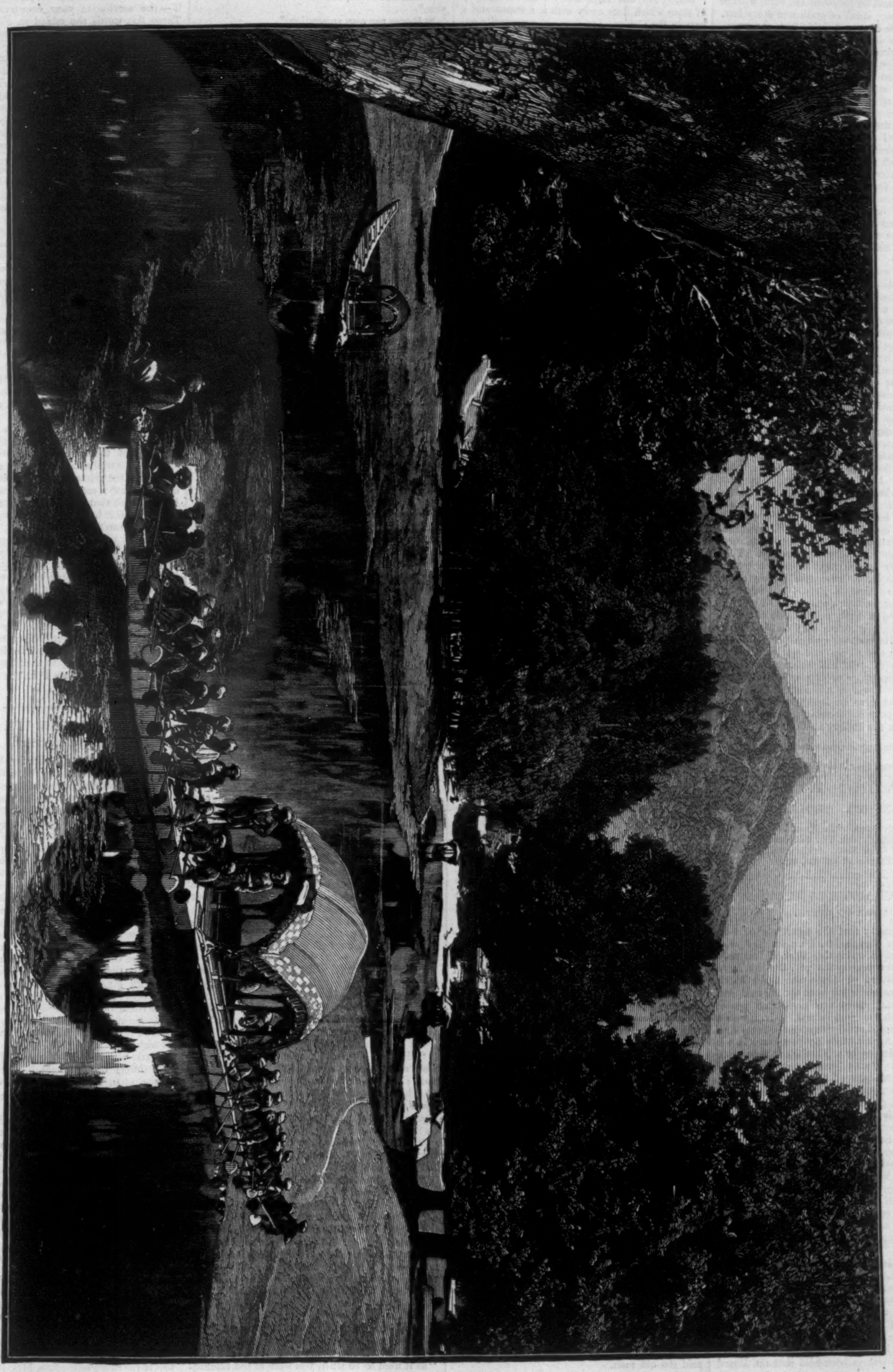
says the old-fashioned poet. "Not so," says the modern philosopher; "a little knowledge is safer than no knowledge." Possibly, as all individuals and all communities must go through the stage of a little knowledge before they can arrive at that of much knowledge, the philosopher's assertion may be right in the long-run, and applied to humankind in general. But there is a period, as there is a class, in which a little knowledge tends to terrible demoralization. And Armand Monnier lived in that period and was one of that class. The little knowledge that his mind, impulsive and ardent, had picked up out of books that warred with the great foundations of existing society had originated in ill advices. A man stored with much knowledge would never have let Madame de Grantmesnil's denunciations of marriage rites, or Louis Blanc's vindication of Robespierre as the representative of the working against the middle class, influence his practical life. He would have assessed such opinions at their real worth, and, whatever that worth might seem to him, would not to such opinions have committed the conduct of his life. Opinion is not fateful: conduct is. A little knowledge crazes an earnest, warm-blooded, powerful creature like Armand Monnier into a fanatic. He takes an opinion which pleases him as a revelation from the gods; that opinion shapes his conduct; that conduct is his fate. Woe to the philosopher who serenely flings before the little knowledge of the artisan dogmas as harmless as the Atlantis of Plato, if only to be discussed by philosophers, and deadly as the torches of Até, if seized as articles of a creed by fanatics! But thrice woe to the artisan who makes himself the zealot of the Dogma!

Poor Armand acts on the opinions he adopts; proves his contempt for the marriage state by living with the wife of another; resents, as natures so inherently manly must do, the Society that visits on her his defiance of its laws; throws himself, head-foremost, against that Society altogether; necessarily joins all who have other reasons for hostility to Society; he himself having every inducement not to join indiscriminate strikes—high wages, a liberal employer, ample savings, the certainty of soon becoming employer himself. No; that is not enough to the fanatic: he persists on being dupe and victim. He, this great king of labor, crowned by Nature, and cursed with that degree of little knowledge which does not comprehend how much more is required before a school-boy would admit it to be knowledge at all—he rushes into the maddest of all speculations—that of the artisan with little knowledge and enormous faith—that which intrusts the safety and repose and dignity of life to some ambitious adventurer, who uses his warm heart for the adventurer's frigid purpose, much as the lawyer-government of September used the Communists—much as, in every revolution of France, a Bertrand had used a Raton—much as, till the sound of the last trumpet, men very much worse than Victor de Mauléon will use men very much better than Armand Monnier, if the Armand Monniers disdain the modesty of an Isaac Newton on hearing that a theorem to which he had given all the strength of his patient intellect was disputed. "It may be so;" meaning, I suppose, that it requires a large amount of experience ascertained before a man of much knowledge becomes that which a man of little knowledge is at a jump—the fanatic of an experiment untried.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAHARAJAH'S BOAT.

The canals of India are among the most extensive engineering works ever undertaken by man. When the English took possession of that country they found there the great Ganges Canal, which, with its branches, was over seven hundred miles long; but this splendid waterway was useless for trade, being choked up by rubbish which had been accumulating for ages. In 1854 five hundred miles of this canal, having been repaired, enlarged, and beautified, was opened for traffic, and since then many other canals have been either constructed or repaired. These canals, besides serving as water-ways for travel and the transportation of merchandise, facilitate the irrigation of the country. Some of the native princes, seeing the advantages of canals, have built them in their own dominions, and our illustration on this page represents the state boat of one of these Maharajahs (Great Rajah) on the Dhul Canal, one of the most remarkable in India for the beauty of the scenery through which it winds.



THE MAHARAJAH'S BOAT ON THE DHUL CANAL.

TYROLESE HOUSE MOTTOES.

In Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* the daughter of the wise Jew says to her friend, "I suppose you have not read many books;" and, on being asked why she supposes so, makes answer, "Because you are so upright and downright, so inartificial, so thoroughly and naturally your real self; and my father says that people seldom retain these characteristics who have read many books." The study of the mottoes which are to be found carved or painted on old-fashioned Tyrolese houses affords a commentary upon and an illustration of this saying of Lessing's Nathan.

It is manifest that those who chose such mottoes or invented them had read but few books—perhaps none; and certainly it would be hard to find more complete specimens of downrightness, inartificiality, and *naiveté*. It is true that many of the mottoes are repeated and copied from one house to another, and invariably the later versions of them are improved in orthography—often in syntax—but have somehow lost the stamp of sturdy, unconscious simplicity which marks the elder ones. In a word, their writers have been reading many—house fronts! and have lost in originality what has been gained in correctness.

All over the beautiful green land of Tyrol you come upon picturesque, many-gabled old dwellings, with massive vaulted entrance halls and huge projecting eaves. They stand a little backward from the village street, with verdant orchards stretching behind them, and scarlet geraniums flaming in their sleepy old windows. Or it may be that one stands lonely and venerable on a town Platz, surrounded by newer and flimsier constructions, and offers to the passer-by a tempting depth of cool shadow beneath its beetle-browed portal. Or, again, you may find such a one solidly defying wind and weather in some mountain solitude—a very patriarch of a house, with a numerous family of barns, out-houses, stables, and peasants' cottages grouped around him. A great dog, sleek and well fed, as all dumb beasts seem to be among German folk, blinks in the sunshine before the door. Poultry cluck and flutter round the barn, whence comes a fragrant smell of grain and spicy hay. The cattle bells clink and tinkle from the green, green pastures down by the stream. Even the great stern mountains seem to shimmer and grow soft in the warm autumn air. Only two or three wooden sledges and a snow-plow piled up beside the stable door remind us that in a month or two bitter winds will blow through the gorge, that the peaks yonder which pierce the blue will pour down their dread artillery of hail and stones and torrents and cold, cruel avalanches, and that the old house needs all his strength of wall and roof to resist the assaults of King Winter and his army. And there on the house front, whether it be in village, town, or mountain valley, you may read some pious prayer, or pithy sentence, or worldly-wise saw carved in quaint German for the edification of those who pass by. The same thing is common in Switzerland and in many parts of Germany.

More than one collection of these has been made and published by native Tyrolese. They are simply jotted down literally, as one might write them in a note-book, with no attempt at classification or comment. But even thus barely and simply presented, they are full of interest for the observer of national manners and characteristics. They are gradually and not very slowly disappearing. If by time or accident a motto becomes effaced, it is scarcely ever replaced by the owner of the house. Such things are old-fashioned—*zopfig*, as the Germans have it (that is to say, literally, *pigtailish:* an expression to which our "square-toed" may answer)—and few persons choose to brave the ridicule of their modern-minded neighbors by carving again the old inscription, with its rude spelling and antique phrase. It is curious to conjecture how far and in what manner new mottoes would differ from the old, if Fashion suddenly took it into her light head to patronize the writing of them up *pro bono publico*. The religious inscriptions, which are very numerous, would surely change their tone very considerably. They would probably become more or less controversial. And instead of the comfortable, confident, easy-going kind of piety which seems to take for granted all men's assent to be postulates, we should probably have a taste of the defiant spirit which is aware that its dicta may, likely enough, be contradicted, and therefore utters them with tenfold zeal and emphasis. Nay, in these times of strife and upheaval, it might be that the concoctors or choosers of religious mottoes in the Tyrol should rather seek such words as might serve for missiles against their enemies than pour out thanksgiving and prayer and blessing in the antique fashion.

(Continued from No. 886, page 1150.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE TWO DUKES.

IT was necessary that the country should be governed, even though Mr. Bonteen had been murdered; and in order that it should be duly governed it was necessary that Mr. Bonteen's late place at the Board of Trade should be filled. There was some hesitation as to the filling it, and when the arrangement was completed people were very much surprised indeed. Mr. Bonteen had been appointed chiefly because it was thought that he might in that office act as a quasi House of Commons deputy to the Duke of Omnium in carrying out his great scheme of a five-farthinged penny and a ten-pennied shilling. The Duke, in spite of his wealth and rank and honor, was determined to go on with his great task. Life would be nothing to him now unless he could at least hope to arrange the five farthings. When his wife had bullied him about the Garter, he had declared to her, and with perfect truth, that he had never asked for any thing. He had gone on to say that he never would ask for any thing; and he certainly did not think that he was betraying himself with reference to that assurance when he suggested to Mr. Gresham that he would himself take the place left vacant by Mr. Bonteen—of course retaining his seat in the Cabinet.

"I should hardly have ventured to suggest such an arrangement to your Grace," said the Prime Minister.

"Feeling that it might be so, I thought that I would venture to ask," said the Duke. "I am sure you know that I am the last man to interfere as to place or the disposition of power."

"Quite the last man," said Mr. Gresham.

"But it has always been held that the Board of Trade is not incompatible with the Peerage."

"Oh dear, yes."

"And I can feel myself nearer to this affair of mine there than I can elsewhere."

Mr. Gresham, of course, had no objection to urge. This great nobleman, who was now asking for Mr. Bonteen's shoes, had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and would have remained Chancellor of the Exchequer had not the mantle of his nobility fallen upon him. At the present moment he held an office in which peers are often temporarily shelved, or put away, perhaps, out of harm's way for the time, so that they may be brought down and used when wanted, without having received crack or detriment from that independent action into which a politician is likely to fall when his party is "in" but he is still "out." He was Lord Privy Seal—a lordship of state which does carry with it a status and a seat in the Cabinet, but does not necessarily entail any work. But the present lord, who cared nothing for status, and who was much more intent on his work than he was even on his seat in the Cabinet, was possessed by what many of his brother politicians regarded as a morbid dislike to pretenses. He had not been happy during his few weeks of the Privy Seal, and had almost envied Mr. Bonteen the realities of the Board of Trade. "I think upon the whole it will be best to make the change," he said to Mr. Gresham. And Mr. Gresham was delighted.

But there were one or two men of mark—one or two who were older than Mr. Gresham probably, and less perfect in their liberal sympathies—who thought that the Duke of Omnium was derogating from his proper position in the step which he was now taking. Chief among these was his friend the Duke of St. Bungay, who alone perhaps could venture to argue the matter with him. "I almost wish that you had spoken to me first," said the elder Duke.

"I feared that I should find you too strongly opposed to my resolution."

"If it was a resolution."

"I think it was," said the younger. "It was a great misfortune to me that I should have been obliged to leave the House of Commons."

"You should not feel it so."

"My whole life was there," said he who, as Plantagenet Palliser, had been so good a commoner.

"But your whole life should certainly not be there now, nor your whole heart. On you the circumstances of your birth have imposed duties quite as high, and I will say quite as useful, as any which a career in the House of Commons can put within the reach of a man."

"Do you think so, Duke?"

"Certainly I do. I do think that the England which we know could not be the England that she is but for the maintenance of a high-minded, proud, and self-denying nobility. And though with us there is no line dividing our very broad aristocracy into two parts, a higher and a lower, or a greater and a smaller, or a richer and a poorer, nevertheless we all feel that the success of our order depends chiefly on the conduct of those whose rank is the highest and whose means are the greatest. To some few, among whom you are conspicuously one, wealth has been given so great, and rank so high, that much of the welfare of your country depends on the manner in which you bear yourself as the Duke of Omnium."

"I would not wish to think so."

"Your uncle so thought. And, though he was a man very different from you, not inured to work in his early life, with fewer attainments, probably a slower intellect, and whose general conduct was inferior to your own—I speak freely, because the subject is important—he was a man who understood his position and the requirements of his order very thoroughly. A retinue almost royal, together with an expenditure which royalty could not rival, secured for him the respect of the nation."

"Your life has not been as was his, and you have won a higher respect."

"I think not. The greater part of my life was spent in the House of Commons, and my fortune was never much more than the tenth of his. But I wish to make no such comparison."

"I must make it, if I am to judge which I would follow."

"Pray understand me, my friend," said the old man, energetically. "I am not advising you to abandon public life in order that you may live in repose as a great nobleman. It would not be in your nature to do so, nor could the country afford to lose your services. But you need not, therefore, take your place in the arena of politics as though you were still Plantagenet Palliser, with no other duties than those of a politician—as you might so well have done had your uncle's titles and wealth descended to a son."

"I wish they had," said the regretful Duke.

"It can not be so. Your brother perhaps wishes that he were a duke, but it has been arranged otherwise. It is vain to repine. Your wife is unhappy because your uncle's Garter was not at once given to you."

"Glencora is like other women, of course."

"I share her feelings. Had Mr. Gresham consulted me, I should not have scrupled to tell him that it would have been for the welfare of his party that the Duke of Omnium should be graced with any and every honor in his power to bestow. Lord Cantrip is my friend, almost as warmly as are you; but the country would not have missed the ribbon from the breast of Lord Cantrip. Had you been more the Duke, and less the slave of your country, it would have been sent to you. Do I make you angry by speaking so?"

"Not in the least. I have but one ambition?"

"And that is—"

"To be the serviceable slave of my country."

"A master is more serviceable than a slave," said the old man.

"No, no; I deny it. I can admit much from you, but I can not admit that. The politician who becomes the master of his country sinks from the statesman to the tyrant."

"We misunderstand each other, my friend. Pitt and Peel and Palmerston were not tyrants, though each assumed and held for himself to the last the mastery of which I speak. Smaller men, too, have been slaves, have been as patriotic as they, but less useful. I regret that you should follow Mr. Bonteen in his office."

"Because he was Mr. Bonteen."

"All the circumstances of the transfer of office occasioned by your uncle's death seem to me to make it undesirable. I would not have you make yourself too common. This very murder adds to the feeling. Because Mr. Bonteen has been lost to us, the Minister has recourse to you."

"It was my own suggestion."

"But who knows that it was so? You and I and Mr. Gresham, and perhaps one or two others."

"It is too late now, Duke; and, to tell the truth of myself, not even you can make me other than I am. My uncle's life to me was always a problem which I could not understand. Were I to attempt to walk in his ways I should fail utterly, and become absurd. I do not feel the disgrace of following Mr. Bonteen."

"I trust you may at least be less unfortunate."

"Well—yes. I need not expect to be murdered in the streets because I am going to the Board of Trade. I shall have made no enemy by my political success."

"You think that—Mr. Finn—did do that deed?" asked the elder Duke.

"I hardly know what I think. My wife is sure that he is innocent."

"The Duchess is enthusiastic, always."

"Many others think the same. Lord and Lady Chiltern are sure of it."

"They were always his best friends."

"I am told that many of the lawyers are sure that it will be impossible to convict him. If he be acquitted I shall strive to think him innocent. He will come back to the House, of course."

"I should think he would apply for the Hundreds," said the Duke of St. Bungay.

"I do not see why he should. I would not in his place. If he be innocent, why should he admit himself to be unfit for a seat in Parliament? I tell you what he might do: resign, and then throw himself again upon his constituency." The other Duke shook his head, thereby declaring in his opinion that Phineas Finn was in truth the man who had murdered Mr. Bonteen.

When it was publicly known that the Duke of Omnium had stepped into Mr. Bonteen's shoes, the general opinion certainly coincided with that given by the Duke of St. Bungay. It was not only that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer should not have consented to fill so low an office, or that the Duke of Omnium should have better known his own place, or that he should not have succeeded a man so insignificant as Mr. Bonteen. These things, no doubt, were said, but more was said also. It was thought that he should not have gone to an office which had been rendered vacant by the murder of a man who had been placed there merely to assist himself. If the present arrangement were good, why should it not have been made independently of Mr. Bonteen? Questions were asked about it in both Houses, and the transfer, no doubt, did have the effect of lowering the man in the estimation of the political world. He himself felt that he did not stand so high with his colleagues as when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; not even so high as when he held the Privy Seal. In the printed lists of those who attended the Cabinets his name generally was placed last, and an opponent on one occasion thought, or pretended to think, that he was no more than Postmaster-General. He determined to bear all this without wincing, but he did wince. He would not own to himself that he had been wrong, but he was sore—as a man is sore who doubts about his own conduct; and was not the less so because he strove to bear his wife's sarcasms without showing that they pained him.

"They say that poor Lord Fawn is losing his mind," she said to him.

"Lord Fawn! I haven't heard any thing about it."

"He was engaged to Lady Eustace once, you remember. They say that he'll be made to declare why he didn't marry her if this bigamy case goes on. And then it's so unfortunate that he should have seen the man in the gray coat! I hope he won't have to resign."

"I hope not, indeed."

"Because, of course, you'd have to take his place as Under-Secretary." This was very awkward; but the husband only smiled, and expressed a hope that if he did so he might himself be equal to his new duties. "By-the-bye, Plantagenet, what do you mean to do about the jewels?"

"I haven't thought about them. Madame Goesler had better take them."

"But she won't."

"I suppose they had better be sold."

"By auction?"

"That would be the proper way."

"I shouldn't like that at all. Couldn't we buy them ourselves, and let the money stand till she chooses to take it? It's an affair of trade, I suppose, and you're at the head of all that now." Then again she asked him some question about the Home Secretary, with reference to Phineas Finn; and when he told her that it would be highly improper for him to speak to that officer on such a subject, she pretended to suppose that the impropriety would consist in the interference of a man holding so low a position as his was. "Of course it is not the same now," she said, "as it used to be when you were at the Exchequer." All which he took without uttering a word of anger, or showing a sign of annoyance. "You only get two thousand a year, do you, at the Board of Trade, Plantagenet?"

"Upon my word, I forget. I think it's two thousand five hundred."

"How nice! It was five at the Exchequer, wasn't it?"

"Yes; five thousand at the Exchequer."

"When you're a Lord of the Treasury it will only be one, will it?"

"What a goose you are, Glencora! If it suited me to be a Lord of the Treasury, what difference would the salary make?"

"Not the least; nor yet the rank, or the influence, or the prestige, or the general fitness of things. You are above all such sublunary ideas. You would clean Mr. Gresham's shoes for him, if—the service of your country required it." These last words she added in a tone of voice very similar to that which her husband himself used on occasions.

"I would even allow you to clean them, if the service of the country required it," said the Duke.

But, though he was magnanimous, he was not happy, and perhaps the intense anxiety which his wife displayed as to the fate of Phineas Finn added to his discomfort. The Duchess, as the Duke of St. Bungay had said, was enthusiastic, and he never for a moment dreamed of teaching her to change her nature; but it would have been as well if her enthusiasm at the present moment could have been brought to display itself on some other subject. He had been brought to feel that Phineas Finn had been treated badly when the good things of Government were being given away, and that this had been caused by the jealous prejudices of the man who had been since murdered. But an expectant Under-Secretary of State, let him have been ever so cruelly left out in the cold, should not murder the man by whom he has been ill-treated. Looking at all the evidence as best he could, and listening to the opinions of others, the Duke did think that Phineas had been guilty. The murder had clearly been committed by a personal enemy, not by a robber. Two men were known to have entertained feelings of enmity against Mr. Bonteen, as to one of whom he was assured that it was impossible that he should have been on the spot. As to the other, it seemed nearly equally manifest that he must have been there. If it were so, it would be much better that his wife should not display her interest publicly in the murderer's favor. But the Duchess, wherever she went, spoke of the trial as a persecution, and seemed to think that the prisoner should already be treated as a hero and a martyr. "Glencora," he said to her, "I wish that you could drop the subject of this trial till it be over."

"But I can't."

"Surely you can avoid speaking of it."

"No more than you can avoid your decimals. Out of the full heart the mouth speaks, and my heart is very full. What harm do I do?"

"You set people talking of you?"

"They have been doing that ever since we were married; but I do not know that they have made out much against me. We must go after our nature, Plantagenet. Your nature is decimals. I run after units." He did not deem it wise to say any thing further, knowing that to this evil also of Phineas Finn the gods would at last vouchsafe an ending.

CHAPTER LIX.

MRS. BONTEEN.

AT the time of the murder Lady Eustace, whom we must regard as the wife of Mr. Emilius till it be proved that he had another wife when he married her, was living as the guest of Mr. Bonteen. Mr. Bonteen had pledged himself to prove the bigamy, and Mrs. Bonteen had opened her house and her heart to the injured lady. Lizzie Eustace, as she had always been called, was clever, rich, and pretty, and knew well how to ingratiate herself with the friend of the hour. She was a greedy, grasping little woman, but, when she had before her a sufficient object, she could appear to pour all that she had into her friend's lap with the prodigality of a child. Perhaps Mrs. Bonteen had liked to have things poured into her lap. Perhaps Mrs. Bonteen had enjoyed the confidential tears of a pretty woman. It may be that the wrongs of a woman doomed to live with Mr. Emilius as his wife had touched their hearts. Be that as it might, they had become the acknowledged friends and supporters of Lady Eustace, and she was living with them in their little house in St. James's Place on that fatal night.

Lizzie behaved herself very well when the terrible tidings were brought home. Mr. Bonteen was so often late at the House or at his club that his wife rarely sat up for him; and when the servants were disturbed between six and seven o'clock in the morning, no surprise had as yet been felt at his absence. The sergeant of police who had brought the news sent for the maid of the unfortunate lady, and the maid, in her panic, told her story to Lady Eustace before daring to communicate it to her mistress. Lizzie Eustace, who in former days had known something of policemen, saw the man, and learned from him all that there was to learn. Then, while the sergeant remained on the landing-place, outside, to support her, if necessary, with the maid by her side to help her, kneeling by the bed, she told the wretched woman what had happened. We need not witness the paroxysms of the widow's misery, but we may understand that Lizzie Eustace was from that moment more strongly fixed than ever in her friendship with Mrs. Bonteen.

When the first three or four days of agony and despair had passed by, and the mind of the bereaved woman was able to turn itself from the loss to the cause of the loss, Mrs. Bonteen became fixed in her certainty that Phineas Finn had murdered her husband, and seemed to think that it was the first and the paramount duty of the present Government to have the murderer hung, almost without a trial. When she found that, at the best, the execution of the man she so vehemently hated could not take place for two months after the doing of the deed, even if then, she became almost frantic in her anger. Surely they would not let him escape! What more proof could be needed? Had not the miscreant quarreled with her husband, and behaved abominably to him but a few minutes before the murder? Had he not been on the spot with the murderous instrument in his pocket? Had he not been seen by Lord Fawn hastening on the steps of her dear and doomed husband? Mrs. Bonteen, as she sat enveloped in her new weeds, thirsting for blood, could not understand that further evidence should be needed, or that a rational doubt should remain in the mind of any one who knew the circumstances. It was to her as though she had seen the dastard blow struck, and with such conviction as this on her mind did she insist on talking of the coming trial to her inmate, Lady Eustace. But Lizzie had her own opinion, though she was forced to leave it unexpressed in the presence of Lady Bonteen. She knew the man who claimed her as his wife, and did not think that Phineas Finn was guilty of the murder. Her Emilius—her Yosef Mealyus, as she had delighted to call him since she had separated herself from him—was, as she thought, the very man to commit a murder. He was by no means degraded in her opinion by the feeling. To commit great crimes is the line of life that comes naturally to some men, and was, as she thought, a line less objectionable than that which confines itself to small crimes. She almost felt that the audacity of her husband in doing such a deed redeemed her from some of the ignominy to which she had subjected herself by her marriage with a runaway who had another wife living. There was a dash of adventure about it which was almost gratifying. But these feelings she was obliged, at any rate for the present, to keep to herself. Not only must she acknowledge the undoubted guilt of Phineas Finn for the sake of her friend, Mr. Bonteen, but she must consider carefully whether she would gain or lose more by having a murderer for her husband. She did not relish the idea of being made a widow by the gallows. She was still urgent as to the charge of bigamy, and should she succeed in proving that the man had never been her husband, then she did not care how soon they might hang him. But for the present it was better for all reasons that she should cling to the Phineas Finn theory, feeling certain that it was the bold hand of her own Emilius who had struck the blow.

She was by no means free from the solicitations of her husband, who knew well where she was, and who still adhered to his purpose of reclaiming his wife and his wife's property. When he was released by the magistrate's order, and had recovered his goods from Mr. Meager's house, and was once more established in lodgings, humbler, indeed, than those in Northumberland Street, he wrote the following letter to her who had been for one blessed year the partner of his joys, and his bosom's mistress:

"3 JELLYBAG STREET, EDGWARE ROAD, *May* 26, 18—.

"DEAREST WIFE,—You will have heard to what additional sorrow and disgrace I have been subjected through the malice of my enemies. But all in vain! Though princes and potentates have been arrayed against me"—the princes and potentates had, no doubt, been Lord Chiltern and Mr. Low—"innocence has prevailed, and I have come out from the ordeal white as bleached linen or unsullied snow. The murderer is in the hands of justice, and though he be the friend of kings and princes"—Mr. Emilius had probably heard that the Prince had been at the club with Phineas—"yet shall justice be done upon him, and the truth of the Lord shall be made to prevail. Mr. Bonteen has been very hostile to me, believing evil things of me, and instigating you, my beloved, to believe evil of me. Nevertheless, I grieve for his death. I lament bitterly that he should have been cut off in his sins, and hurried before the judgment-seat of the great Judge without an hour given to him for repentance. Let us pray that the mercy of the Lord may be extended even to him. I beg that you will express my deepest commiseration to his widow, and assure her that she has my prayers.

"And now, my dearest wife, let me approach my own affairs. As I have come out unscorched from the last fiery furnace which has been heated for me by my enemies seven times hot, so shall I escape from that other fire with which the poor man who has gone from us endeavored to envelop me. If they have made you believe that I have any wife but yourself, they have made you believe a falsehood. You, and you only, have my hand. You, and you only, have my heart. I know well what attempts are being made to suborn false evidence in my old country, and how the follies of my youth are being pressed against me—how anxious are proud Englishmen that the poor Bohemian should be robbed of the beauty and wit and wealth which he had won for himself. But the Lord fights on my side, and I shall certainly prevail.

"If you will come back to me, all shall be forgiven. My heart is as it ever was. Come, and let us leave this cold and ungenial country and go to the sunny south; to the islands of the blessed"—Mr. Emilius during his married life had not quite fathomed the depths of his wife's character, though, no doubt, he had caught some points of it with sufficient accuracy—"where we may forget these blood-stained sorrows, and mutually forgive each other. What happiness, what joys can you expect in your present mode of life? Even your income—which in truth is my income—you can not obtain, because the tenants will not dare to pay it in opposition to my legal claims. But of what use is gold? What can purple do for us, and fine linen, and rich jewels, without love and a contented heart? Come, dearest, once more to your own one, who will never remember aught of the sad rupture which enemies have made, and we will hurry to the setting sun, and recline on mossy banks, and give up our souls to Elysium."

As Lizzie read this she uttered an exclamation of disgust. Did the man, after all, know so little of her as to suppose that she, with all her experiences, did not know how to keep her own life and her own pocket separate from her romance? She despised him for this, almost as she respected him for the murder.

"If you will only say that you will see me, I will be at your feet in a moment. Till the solemnity with which the late tragical event must have filled you shall have left you leisure to think of all this, I will not force myself into your presence, or seek to secure by law rights which will be much dearer to me if they are accorded by your own sweet good-will. And in the mean time I will agree that the income shall be drawn, provided that it be equally divided between us. I have been sorely straitened in my circumstances by these last events. My congregation is of course dispersed. Though my innocence has been triumphantly displayed, my name has been tarnished. It is with difficulty that I find a spot where to lay my weary head. I am ahungered and athirst; and my very garments are parting from me in my need. Can it be that you willingly doom me to such misery because of my love for you? Had I been less true to you, it might have been otherwise.

"Let me have an answer at once, and I will instantly take steps about the money if you will agree. Your most truly loving husband,

"JOSEPH EMILIUS.

"*To* LADY EUSTACE, *wife of the* REV. JOSEPH EMILIUS."

When Lizzie had read the letter twice through she resolved that she would show it to her friend. "I know it will re-open the flood-gates of your grief," she said; "but unless you see it, how can I ask from you the advice which is so necessary to me?" But Mrs. Bonteen was a woman sincere, at any rate, in this, that the loss of her husband had been to her so crushing a calamity that there could be no re-opening of the flood-gates. The grief that can not bear allusion to its causes has generally something of affectation in its composition. The flood-gates with this widowed one had never yet been for a moment closed. It was not that her tears were ever flowing, but that her heart had never yet for a moment ceased to feel that its misery was incapable of alleviation. No utterances concerning her husband could make her more wretched than she was. She took the letter and read it through. "I dare say he is a bad man," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"Indeed he is," said the bad man's wife.

"But he was not guilty of this crime."

"Oh no; I am sure of that," said Lady Eustace, feeling certain at the same time that Mr. Bonteen had fallen by her husband's hands.

"And therefore I am glad they have given him up. There can be no doubt now about it."

"Every body knows who did it now," said Lady Eustace.

"Infamous ruffian! My poor dear lost one always knew what he was. Oh that such a creature should have been allowed to come among us!"

"Of course he'll be hung, Mrs. Bonteen."

"Hung! I should think so! What other end would be fit for him? Oh yes, they must hang him. But it makes one think that the world is too hard a place to live in, when such a one as he can cause so great a ruin."

"It has been very terrible."

"Think what the country has lost! They tell me that the Duke of Omnium is to take my husband's place; but the Duke can not do what he did. Every one knows that for real work there was no one like him. Nothing was more certain than that he would have been Prime Minister—oh, very soon. They ought to pinch him to death with red-hot tweezers."

But Lady Eustace was anxious at the present moment to talk about her own troubles. "Of course Mr. Emilius did not commit the murder."

"Phineas Finn committed it," said the half-maddened woman, rising from her chair. "And Phineas Finn shall hang by his neck till he is dead."

"But Emilius has certainly got another wife in Prague."

"I suppose so. He said it was so, and he was always right."

"I am sure of it—just as you are sure of this horrid Mr. Finn."

"The two things can't be named together, Lady Eustace."

"Certainly not. I wouldn't think of being so unfeeling. But he has written me this letter, and what must I do? It is very dreadful about the money, you know."

"He can not touch your money. My dear one always said that he could not touch it."

"But he prevents me from touching it. What they give me only comes by a sort of favor from the lawyer. I almost wish that I had compromised."

"You would not be rid of him that way."

"No, not quite rid of him. You see I never had to take that horrid name because of the title. I suppose I'd better send the letter to the lawyer."

"Send it to the lawyer, of course. That is what he would have done. They tell me that the trial is to be on the 24th of June. Why should they postpone it so long? They know all about it. They always postpone every thing. If he had lived, there would be an end of that before long."

Lady Eustace was tired of the virtues of her friend's martyred lord, and was very anxious to talk of her own affairs. She was still holding her husband's letter open in her hand, and was thinking how she could force her friend's dead lion to give place for a while to her own live dog, when a servant announced that Mr. Camperdown, the attorney, was below. In former days there had been an old Mr. Camperdown, who was vehemently hostile to poor Lizzie Eustace; but now, in her new troubles, the firm that had ever been true to her first husband had taken up her case for the sake of the family and her property—and for the sake of the heir, Lizzie Eustace's little boy; and Mr. Camperdown's firm had, next to Mr. Bonteen, been the depositary of her trust. He had sent clerks out to Prague—one who had returned ill—as some one had said, poisoned, though the poison had probably been nothing more than the diet natural to Bohemians. And then another had been sent. This, of course, had all been previous to Madame Goesler's self-imposed mission, which, though it was occasioned altogether by the suspected wickednesses of Mr. Emilius, had no special reference to his matrimonial escapades. And now Mr. Camperdown was down stairs. "Shall I go down to him, dear Mrs. Bonteen?"

"He may come here if you please."

"Perhaps I had better go down. He will disturb you."

"My darling lost one always thought that there should be two present to hear such matters. He said it was safe." Mr. Camperdown, junior, was therefore shown up stairs to Mrs. Bonteen's drawing-room.

"We have found it all out, Lady Eustace," said Mr. Camperdown.

"Found out what?"

"We've got Madame Mealyus over here."

"No!" said Mrs. Bonteen, with her hands raised. Lady Eustace sat silent, with her mouth open.

"Yes, indeed; and photographs of the registry of the marriage from the books of the synagogue at Cracow. His signature was Yosef Mealyus, and his handwriting isn't a bit altered. I think we could have proved it without the lady; but of course it was better to bring her, if possible."

"Where is she?" asked Lizzie, thinking that she would like to see her own predecessor.

"We have her safe, Lady Eustace. She's not in custody; but, as she can't speak a word of English or French, she finds it more comfortable to be kept in private. We're afraid it will cost a little money."

"Will she swear that she is his wife?" asked Mrs. Bonteen.

"Oh yes; there'll be no difficulty about that. But her swearing alone mightn't be enough."

"Surely that settles it all," said Lady Eustace.

"For the money that we shall have to pay," said Mr. Camperdown, "we might probably have got a dozen Bohemian ladies to come and swear that they were married to Yosef Mealyus at Cracow. The difficulty has been to bring over documentary evidence which will satisfy a jury that this is the woman she says she is. But I think we've got it."

"And I shall be free!" said Lady Eustace, clasping her hands together.

"It will cost a good deal, I fear," said Mr. Camperdown.

"But I shall be free! Oh, Mr. Camperdown, there is not a woman in all the world who cares so little for money as I do. But I shall be free from the power of that horrid man who has entangled me in the meshes of his sinful life." Mr. Camperdown told her that he thought that she would be free, and went on to say that Yosef Mealyus had already been arrested, and was again in prison. The unfortunate man had not, therefore, long enjoyed that humbler apartment which he had found for himself in Jellybag Street.

When Mr. Camperdown went, Mrs. Bonteen followed him out to the top of the stairs. "You have heard about the trial, Mr. Camperdown?" He said that he knew that it was to take place at the Central Criminal Court in June. "Yes; I don't know why they have put it off so long. People know that he did it—eh?" Mr. Camperdown, with funereal sadness, declared that he had never looked into the matter. "I can not understand that every body should not know it," said Mrs. Bonteen.

CHAPTER LX.

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE TRIAL.

THERE was a scene in the private room of Mr. Wickerby, the attorney, in Hatton Garden, which was very distressing indeed to the feelings of Lord Fawn, and which induced his lordship to think that he was being treated without that respect which was due to him as a peer and a member of the Government. There were present at this scene Mr. Chaffanbrass, the old barrister, Mr. Wickerby himself, Mr. Wickerby's confidential clerk, Lord Fawn, Lord Fawn's solicitor—that same Mr. Camperdown whom we saw in the last chapter calling upon Lady Eustace—and a policeman. Lord Fawn had been invited to attend, with many protestations of regret as to the trouble thus imposed upon him, because the very important nature of the evidence about to be given by him at the forth-coming trial seemed to render it expedient that some questions should be asked. This was on Tuesday, the 22d of June, and the trial was to be commenced on the following Thursday. And there was present in the room, very conspicuously, an old heavy gray great-coat, as to which Mr. Wickerby had instructed Mr. Chaffanbrass that evidence was forth-coming, if needed, to prove that that coat was lying on the night of the murder in a down-stairs room in the house in which Yosef Mealyus was then lodging. The reader will remember the history of the coat. Instigated by Madame Goesler, who was still absent from England, Mr. Wickerby had traced the coat, and had purchased the coat, and was in a position to prove that this very coat was the coat which Mr. Meager had brought home with him to Northumberland Street on that day. But Mr. Wickerby was of opinion that the coat had better not be used. "It does not go far enough," said Mr. Wickerby. "It don't go very far, certainly," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "And if you try to show that another man has done it and he hasn't," said Mr. Wickerby, "it always tells against you with a jury." To this Mr. Chaffanbrass made no reply, preferring to form his own opinion, and to keep it to himself when formed. But in obedience to his instructions, Lord Fawn was asked to attend at Mr. Wickerby's chambers, in the cause of truth, and the coat was brought out on the occasion. "Was that the sort of coat that the man wore, my lord?" said Mr. Chaffanbrass, as Mr. Wickerby held up the coat to view. Lord Fawn walked round and round the coat, and looked at it very carefully before he would vouchsafe a reply. "You see it is a gray coat," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, not speaking at all in the tone which Mr. Wickerby's note had induced Lord Fawn to expect.

"It is gray," said Lord Fawn.

"Perhaps it's not the same shade of gray, Lord Fawn. You see, my lord, we are most anxious not to impute guilt where guilt doesn't lie. You are a witness for the Crown, and, of course, you will tell the Crown lawyers all that passes here. Were it possible, we would make this little preliminary inquiry in their presence; but we can hardly do that. Mr. Finn's coat was a very much smaller coat."

"I should think it was," said his lordship, who did like being questioned about coats.

"You don't think the coat the man wore when you saw him was a big coat like that? You think he wore a little coat?"

"He wore a gray coat," said Lord Fawn.

"This is gray—a coat couldn't be grayer than that."

"I don't think Lord Fawn should be asked any more questions on the matter till he gives his evidence in court," said Mr. Camperdown.

"A man's life depends on it, Mr. Camperdown," said the barrister. "It isn't a matter of cross-examination. If I bring that coat into court, I must make a charge against another man by the very act of doing so. And I will not do so unless I believe that other man to be guilty. It's an inquiry I can't postpone till we are before the jury. It isn't that I want to trump up a case against another man for the sake of extricating my client on a false issue. Lord Fawn doesn't want to hang Mr. Finn, if Mr. Finn be not guilty."

"God forbid!" said his lordship.

"Mr. Finn couldn't have worn that coat, or a coat at all like it."

"What is it you do want to learn, Mr. Chaffanbrass?" asked Mr. Camperdown.

"Just put on the coat, Mr. Scruby." Then at the order of the barrister, Mr. Scruby, the attorney's clerk, did put on Mr. Meager's old great-coat, and walked about the room in it. "Walk quick," said Mr. Chaffanbrass; and the clerk "did walk quick." He was a stout, thickset little man, nearly half a foot shorter than Phineas Finn. "Is that at all like the figure?" asked Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"I think it is like the figure," said Lord Fawn.

"And like the coat?"

"It's the same color as the coat."

"You wouldn't swear it was not the coat?"

"I am not on my oath at all, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"No, my lord; but to me your word is as good as your oath. If you think it possible that was the coat—"

"I don't think any thing about it at all. When Mr. Scruby hurries down the room in that way, he looks as the man looked when he was hurrying under the lamp-post. I am not disposed to say any more at present."

"It's a matter of regret to me that Lord Fawn should have come here at all," said Mr. Camperdown, who had been summoned to meet his client at the chambers, but had not come with him.

"I suppose his lordship wishes us to know all that he knew, seeing that it's a question of hanging the right man or the wrong one. I never heard such trash in my life. Take it off, Mr. Scruby, and let the policeman keep it. I understand Lord Fawn to say that the man's figure was about the same as yours. My client, I believe, stands about twelve inches taller. Thank you, my lord; we shall get at the truth at last, I don't doubt." It was afterward said that Mr. Chaffanbrass's conduct had been very improper in enticing Lord Fawn to Mr. Wickerby's chambers; but Mr. Chaffanbrass never cared what any one said. "I don't know that we can make much of it," he said, when he and Mr. Wickerby were alone, "but it may be as well to bring it into court. It would prove nothing against the Jew even if that fellow"—he meant Lord Fawn—"could be made to swear that the coat worn was exactly similar to this. I am thinking now about the height."

"I don't doubt but you'll get him off."

"Well—I may do so. They ought not to hang any man on such evidence as there is against him, even though there were no moral doubt of his guilt. There is nothing really to connect Mr. Phineas Finn with the murder—nothing tangible. But there is no saying nowadays what a jury will do. Juries depend a great deal more on the judge than they used to do. If I were on trial for my life, I don't think I'd have counsel at all."

"No one could defend you as well as yourself, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"I didn't mean that. No; I shouldn't defend myself. I should say to the judge, 'My lord, I don't doubt the jury will do just as you tell them, and you'll form your own opinion quite independent of the arguments.'"

"You'd be hung, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"No; I don't know that I should," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, slowly. "I don't think I could affront a judge of the present day into hanging me. They've too much of what I call thick-skinned honesty for that. It's the temper of the time to resent nothing, to be mealy-mouthed and mealy-hearted. Jurymen are afraid of having their own opinion, and almost always shirk a verdict when they can."

"But we do get verdicts."

"Yes; the judges give them. And they are mealy-mouthed verdicts, tending to equalize crime and innocence, and to make men think that after all it may be a question whether fraud is not the proper mode of doing business. We are coming to hate violence, which, after all, is manly, and to feel that we can not afford to hate dishonesty. It was a bad day for the commercial world, Mr. Wickerby, when forgery ceased to be capital."

"It was a horrid thing to hang a man for writing another man's name to a receipt for thirty shillings."

"We didn't do it; but the fact that the law held certain frauds to be hanging matters operated on the minds of men in regard to all frauds. What with the joint-stock working of companies, and the confusion between directors who know nothing and managers who know every thing, and the dislike of juries to tread upon people's corns, you can't punish dishonest trading. *Caveat emptor* is the only motto going, and the worst proverb that ever came from dishonest, stony-hearted Rome. With such a motto as that to guide us no man dare trust his brother. *Caveat lex*—and let the man who cheats cheat at his peril."

"You'd give the law a great deal to do."

"Much less than at present. What does your *Caveat emptor* come to? That every seller tries to pick the eyes out of the head of the purchaser. Sooner or later the law must interfere, and *Caveat emptor* falls to the ground. I bought a horse the other day; my daughter wanted something to look pretty, and, like an old ass as I am, I gave a hundred and fifty pounds for the brute. When he came home he wasn't worth a feed of corn."

"You had a warranty, I suppose?"

"No, indeed. Did you ever hear of such an old fool?"

"I should have thought any dealer would have taken him back for the sake of his character."

"Any dealer would; but—I bought him of a gentleman."

"Mr. Chaffanbrass!"

"I ought to have known better, oughtn't I? *Caveat emptor.*"

"It was just giving away your money, you know."

"A great deal worse than that. I could have given the—gentleman—a hundred and fifty pounds and not have minded it much. I ought just to have had the horse killed, and gone to a dealer for another. Instead of that—I went to an attorney."

"Oh, Mr. Chaffanbrass! the idea of your going to an attorney!"

"I did, then. I never had so much honest truth told me in my life."

"By an attorney!"

"He said that he did think I'd been born long enough ago to have done better than that! I pleaded on my own behalf that the gentleman said the horse was all right. 'Gentleman!' exclaimed my friend. 'You go to a gentleman for a horse, you buy a horse from a gentleman without a warranty, and then you come to me! Didn't you ever hear of *Caveat emptor*, Mr. Chaffanbrass? What can I do for you?' That's what my friend the attorney said to me."

"And what came of it, Mr. Chaffanbrass? Arbitration, I should say?"

"Just that; with the horse eating his head off every meal at ever so much per week—till at last I fairly gave in from sheer vexation. So the—gentleman—got my money, and I added something to my stock of experience. Of course that's only my story, and it may be that the gentleman could tell it another way. But I say that if my story be right, the doctrine of *Caveat emptor* does not encourage trade. I don't know how we got to all this from Mr. Finn. I'm to see him to-morrow."

"Yes; he is very anxious to speak to you."

"What's the use of it, Wickerby? I hate seeing a client. What comes of it?"

"Of course he wants to tell his own story."

"But I don't want to hear his own story. What good will his own story do me? He'll tell me either one of two things. He'll swear he didn't murder the man—"

"That's what he'll say."

"Which can have no effect upon me one way or the other; or else he'll say that he did—which would cripple me altogether."

"He won't say that, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"There's no knowing what they'll say. A man will go on swearing by his God that he is innocent, till at last, in a moment of emotion, he breaks down, and out comes the truth. In such a case as this I do not in the least want to know the truth about the murder."

"That is what the public wants to know."

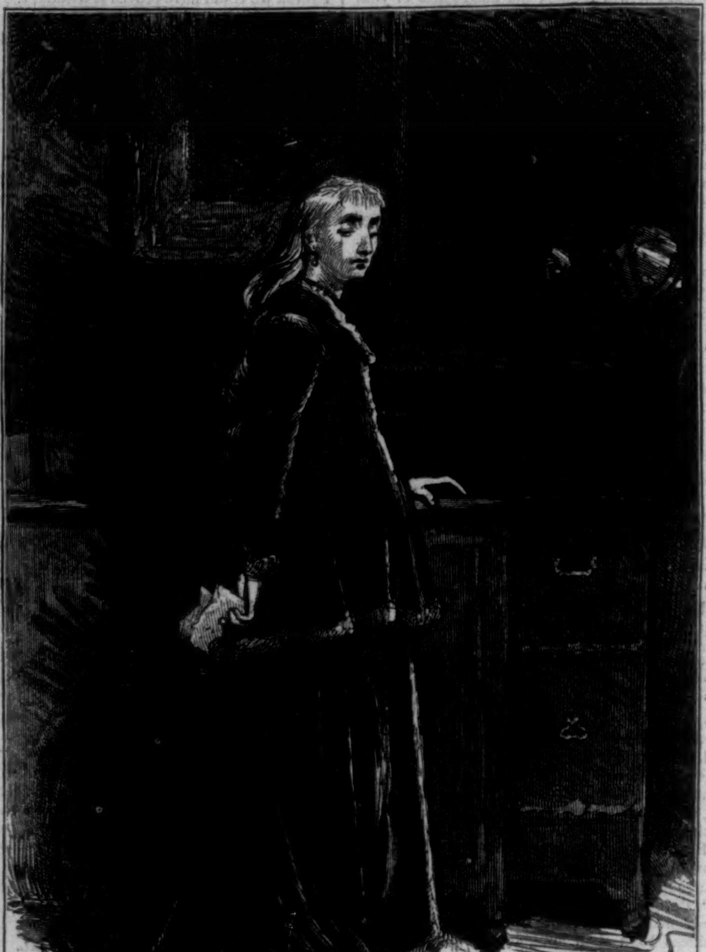
"Because the public is ignorant. The public should not wish to know any thing of the kind. What we should all wish to get at is the truth of the evidence about the murder. The man is to be hung not because he has committed the murder—as to which no positive knowledge is attainable—but because he has been proved to have committed the murder—as to which proof, though it be enough for hanging, there must always be attached some shadow of doubt. We were delighted to hang Palmer; but we don't know that he killed Cook. A learned man who knew more about it than we can know seemed to think that he didn't. Now the last man to give us any useful insight into the evidence is the prisoner himself. In nineteen cases out of twenty a man tried for murder in this country committed the murder for which he is tried."

"There really seems to be a doubt in this case."

"I dare say. If there be only nineteen guilty out of twenty, there must be one innocent; and why not Mr. Phineas Finn? But if it be so, he, burning with the sense of injustice, thinks that every body should see it as he sees it. He is to be tried because, on investigation, every body sees it just in a different light. In such case he is unfortunate, but he can't assist me in liberating him from his misfortune. He sees what is patent and clear to him—that he walked home on that night without meddling with any one. But I can't see that, or make others see it, because he sees it."

"His manner of telling you may do something."

"If it do, Mr. Wickerby, it is because I am unfit for my business. If he have the gift of protesting well, I am to think him innocent, and, therefore, am to think him guilty if he be unprovided with such eloquence! I will neither believe nor disbelieve any thing that a client says to me—unless he confess his guilt, in which case my services can be but of little avail. Of course I shall see him, as he asks it. We had better meet, then—say at half past ten." Whereupon Mr. Wickerby wrote to the governor of the prison begging that Phineas Finn might be informed of the visit.



"SHE WAS STILL HOLDING HER HUSBAND'S LETTER OPEN IN HER HAND."

Phineas had now been in jail between six and seven weeks, and the very fact of his incarceration had nearly broken his spirits. Two of his sisters, who had come from Ireland to be near him, saw him every day, and his two friends Mr. Low and Lord Chiltern were very frequently with him; Lady Laura Kennedy had not come to him again; but he heard from her frequently through Barrington Erle. Lord Chiltern rarely spoke of his sister—alluding to her merely in connection with her father and her late husband. Presents still came to him from various quarters—as to which he hardly knew whence they came. But the Duchess and Lady Chiltern and Lady Laura all catered for him—while Mrs. Bunce looked after his wardrobe, and saw that he was not cut down to prison allowances of clean shirts and socks. But the only friend whom he recognized as such was the friend who would freely declare a conviction of his innocence. They allowed him books and pens and paper, and even cards, if he chose to play at patience with them or build castles. The paper and pens he could use because he could write about himself. From day to day he composed a diary in which he was never tired of expatiating on the terrible injustice of his position. But he could not read, He found it to be impossible to fix his attention on matters outside himself. He assured himself from hour to hour that it was not death he feared—not even death from the hangman's hand. It was the condemnation of those who had known him that was so terrible to him; the feeling that they with whom he had aspired to work and live, the leading men and women of his day, ministers of the Government and their wives, statesmen and their daughters, peers and members of the House in which he himself had sat; that these should think that after all he had been a base adventurer unworthy of their society! That was the sorrow that broke him down, and drew him to confess that his whole life had been a failure.

Mr. Low had advised him not to see Mr. Chaffanbrass; but he had persisted in declaring that there were instructions which no one but he himself could give to the counselor whose duty it would be to defend him at the trial. Mr. Chaffanbrass came at the hour fixed, and with him came Mr. Wickerby. The old barrister bowed courteously as he entered the prison room, and the attorney introduced the two gentlemen with more than all the courtesy of the outer world. "I am sorry to see you here, Mr. Finn," said the barrister.

"It's a bad lodging, Mr. Chaffanbrass, but the term will soon be over. I am thinking a good deal more of my next abode."

"It has to be thought of, certainly," said the barrister. "Let us hope that it may be all that you would wish it to be. My services shall not be wanting to make it so."

"We are doing all we can, Mr. Finn," said Mr. Wickerby.

"Mr. Chaffanbrass," said Phineas, "there is one special thing that I want you to do." The old man, having his own idea as to what was coming, laid one of his hands over the other, bowed his head, and looked meek. "I want you to make men believe that I am innocent of this crime."

This was better than Mr. Chaffanbrass expected. "I trust that we may succeed in making twelve men believe it," said he.

"Comparatively I do not care a straw for the twelve men. It is not to them especially that I am anxious that you should address yourself."

"But that will be my bounden duty, Mr. Finn."

"I can well believe, Sir, that though I have myself been bred a lawyer, I may not altogether understand the nature of an advocate's duty to his client. But I would wish something more to be done than what you intimate."

"The duty of an advocate defending a prisoner is to get a verdict of acquittal if he can, and to use his own discretion in making the attempt."

"But I want something more to be attempted, even if in the struggle something less be achieved. I have known men to be so acquitted that every man in court believed them to be guilty."

"No doubt; and such men have probably owed much to their advocates."

"It is not such a debt that I wish to owe. I know my own innocence."

"Mr. Chaffanbrass takes that for granted," said Mr. Wickerby.

"To me it is matter of astonishment that any human being should believe me to have committed this murder. I am lost in surprise when I remember that I am here simply because I walked home from my club with a loaded stick in my pocket. The magistrate, I suppose, thought me guilty."

"He did not think about it, Mr. Finn. He went by the evidence; the quarrel, your position in the streets at the time, the color of the coat you wore and that of the coat worn by the man whom Lord Fawn saw in the street; the doctor's evidence as to the blows by which the man was killed; and the nature of the weapon which you carried. He put these things together, and they were enough to entitle the public to demand that a jury should decide. He didn't say you were guilty. He only said that the circumstances were sufficient to justify a trial."

"If he thought me innocent, he would not have sent me here."

"Yes, he would, if the evidence required that he should do so."

"We will not argue about that, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"Certainly not, Mr. Finn."

"Here I am, and to-morrow I shall be tried for my life. My life will be nothing to me unless it can be made clear to all the world that I am innocent. I would sooner be hung for this, with the certainty at my heart that all England on the next day would ring with the assurance of my innocence, than be acquitted and afterward be looked upon as a murderer." Phineas, when he was thus speaking, had stepped out into the middle of the room, and stood with his head thrown back, and his right hand forward. Mr. Chaffanbrass, who was himself an ugly, dirty old man, who had always piqued himself on being indifferent to appearance, found himself struck by the beauty and grace of the man whom he now saw for the first time. And he was struck, too, by his client's eloquence, though he had expressly declared to the attorney that it was his duty to be superior to any such influence. "Oh, Mr. Chaffanbrass, for the love of Heaven, let there be no quibbling."

"We never quibble, I hope, Mr. Finn."

"No subterfuges, no escaping by a side wind, no advantage taken of little forms, no objection taken to this and that, as though delay would avail us any thing."

"Character will go a great way, we hope."

"It should go for nothing. Though no one would speak a word for me, still am I innocent. Of course the truth will be known some day."

"I'm not so sure of that, Mr. Finn."

"It will certainly be known some day. That it should not be known as yet is my misfortune. But in defending me I would have you hurl defiance at my accusers. I had the stick in my pocket, having heretofore been concerned with ruffians in the street. I did quarrel with the man, having been insulted by him at the club. The coat which I wore was such as they say. But does that make a murderer of me?"

"Somebody did the deed, and that somebody could probably say all that you say."

"No, Sir; he, when he is known, will be found to have been skulking in the streets; he will have thrown away his weapon; he will have been secret in his movements; he will have hidden his face, and have been a murderer in more than the deed. When they came to me in the morning, did it seem to them that I was a murderer? Has my life been like that? They who have really known me can not believe that I have been guilty. They who have not known me, and do believe, will live to learn their error."

He then sat down and listened patiently while the old lawyer described to him the nature of the case, wherein lay his danger, and wherein what hope there was of safety. There was no evidence against him other than circumstantial evidence, and both judges and jury were wont to be unwilling to accept such, when uncorroborated, as sufficient in cases of life and death. Unfortunately, in this case the circumstantial evidence was very strong against him. But, on the other hand, his character, as to which men of great mark would speak with enthusiasm, would be made to stand very high. "I would not have it made to stand higher than it is," said Phineas. As to the opinion of the world afterward, Mr. Chaffanbrass went on to say, of that he must take his chance. But surely he himself might fight better for it living than any friend could do for him after his death. "You must believe me in this, Mr. Finn, that a verdict of acquittal from the jury is the one object that we must have before us."

"The one object that I shall have before me is the verdict of the public," said Phineas. "I am treated with so much injustice in being thought a murderer that they can hardly add any thing to it by hanging me."

When Mr. Chaffanbrass left the prison he walked back with Mr. Wickerby to the attorney's chambers in Hatton Garden, and he lingered for a while on the Viaduct expressing his opinion of his client. "He's not a bad fellow, Mr. Wickerby."

"A very good sort of fellow, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"I never did, and I never will, express an opinion of my own as to the guilt or innocence of a client till after the trial is over. But I have sometimes felt as though I would give the blood out of my veins to save a man. I never felt in that way more strongly than I do now."

"It 'll make me very unhappy, I know, if it goes against him," said Mr. Wickerby.

"People think that the special branch of the profession into which I have chanced to fall is a very low one, and I do not know whether, if the world were before me again, I would allow myself to drift into an exclusive practice in criminal courts."

"Yours has been a very useful life, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"But I often feel," continued the barrister, paying no attention to the attorney's last remark, "that my work touches the heart more nearly than does that of gentlemen who have to deal with matters of property and of high social claims. People think I am savage—savage to witnesses."

"You can frighten a witness, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"It's just the trick of the trade that you learn, as a girl learns the notes of her piano. There's nothing in it. You forget it all the next hour. But when a man has been hung whom you have striven to save, you do remember that. Good-morning, Mr. Wickerby. I'll be there a little before ten. Perhaps you may have to speak to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]